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A JOURNAL OF

EIGHT DAYS JOURNEY FROM

PORTSMOUTH to KINGSTON UPON THAMES ;
through SOUTHAMPTON, WILTSHIRE, &c.

WITH
MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS,
MORAL and RELIGIOUS ;
IN SIXTY-FOUR LETTERS :

Addressed to two LADIES of the PARTIE.

To which is added

AN ESSAY ON TEA,

Considered as pernicious to HEALTH, obstructing INDUSTRY,
and impoverishing the NATION : With an Account of its
GROWTH, and great CONSUMPTION in these KINGDOMS.

With Several

POLITICAL REFLECTIONS ;

AND

THOUGHTS on PUBLIC LOVE :

In Thirty-two LETTERS to two LADIES.

In TWO VOLUMES.

By Mr. H*****.

The Second Edition corrected and enlarged.

VOL. I.

L O N D O N :

Printed for H. WOODFALL in Pater-noster-row, and
C. HENDERSON under the Royal Exchange.

M D CCLVII.



JAMES WOOD

Yankee Doodle, the Minuteman

JAPAN IN OCEANIA

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2) АЛГОРІТМИЧНІ І СТАЦІОНАРНІ



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Addressed to two LADIES of the PARTIE.

Д.Э.Т.Ж.И.Т.И.О.Э.

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INTRODUCTION.

LETTER I.

To Mrs. O * * * * *

MADAM,

YOU and your fair companion have reduced me to a great dilemma. From the moment I gave my word, you had a right in what I promised, and I can no more retain it, without your leave, than I dare convert the property of my neighbor to my own use. I am bound also in gratitude to comply with your request. You to whom I am indebted for the happiness of eight days: a happiness so much beyond what falls to the lot of common mortals; you, to whom I am thus indebted, may surely challenge the slender services of my pen. But if in an evil hour, I made a rash promise; or if I mistook an inclination, for a

VOL. I.

B

capacity,

2 I N T R O D U C T I O N.

capacity, will you be answerable with me for the event? If I have said but little to the purpose, I shall ill answer the end and labor of writing.

It is true, since I have been more my own master, than men of my level, in point of fortune, are generally disposed to make themselves; instead of being contented with what other men have thought for me, vanity, which no man, but especially no author, is without, induced me to trade boldly on my own stock of memory and observation. The best way to compute my *gain*, is by the profit others have received, of which themselves are the best judges. The poet says,

“Not even a vanity is given in vain,”

and indeed if we are animated with zeal for the welfare of mankind, our very weakness becomes our strength, and receives a lustre which neither learning nor wit, riches nor beauty, can give without it. But it was not vanity alone, nor yet the service of mankind; I was in a mood to scribble; and I had a further reason for writing, and that not the worst: *I had something to say.*

But,

INTRODUCTION.

3

But, Madam, a mere journal, without any striking occurrence, could have given me as little pleasure in writing, as you in reading. I therefore threw this into the form of *letters*; if there is any spirit in them, it is derived entirely from the persons to whom they are addressed. You may view them as true pictures of my mind, which letters to our friends are generally supposed to be: You must also consider them as difficult to write in a proper manner; and yet, compared with the history of a flourishing or ruined empire, they are but as mushrooms which grow spontaneously in a night, to a fine plantation of oaks: to the one, an *ingenious* cook may give a relish for an evening's repast; but the other delights the eye, and gives fuel and timber, whilst its luxuriant branches afford a hospitable shelter to the tired traveller, through a longer period than the life of man. This seems to be the distinction, between the common herd of writers, who deal in *trifles for the day*, and those by whom mankind are really benefited.

4 INTRODUCTION.

I have garnished my *dish* with some beautiful flowers transplanted in my early days of life, which are grown up with me, without fading in my memory : I have nothing better to present you, therefore I desire you will accept of *them*. I always found it most easy to remember rules and maxims delivered in verse ; philosophy, harmonized by numbers, was my favourite reading ; and that which *delights* the imagination, whilst it *nourishes* the higher faculties of the mind, seems natural, in the youthful part of life, to gain a preference to that which improves the understanding only.

As the least pardonable fault in an author is prolixity, modern letter-writers seem to have established it as a rule to avoid being tedious, tho' they leave you to imagine a great deal more than they express. Happy it is for readers, who by the force of their own fancy, or judgment, can draw amusement and instruction, by supplying what the author does *not* express. If you are one of this number, this is not always the case : some people think much and read little ; others read much and

think

A P O L O G Y.

5

think little. In the last case when we find a gratification in reading, it is painful to be left to our own suggestions; we rather wish for *satiety* than *bunger*. I believe indeed the most effectual way to answer the true purpose of writing in general, is to leave the mind of the reader under a necessity of exerting its faculties; and accordingly we find it is more easy for readers to catch instruction by hints, than by elaborate discourses.

You may observe further, that as dramatic writers heighten their characters beyond real life, moralists are apt to be too abstracted, but I hope you are safe with regard to any thing I shall advance. Having laid down these principles, I must divide my *proem* into parts. I am yours, &c.

L E T T E R II.

To the same.

M A D A M,

W H A T E V E R fate attends the task I undertook, common prudence bids me to remind you, that *five* of our *eight* days

journey were elapsed, before a thought of my writing a journal was suggested. But if I had memory to recollect, it requires skill and language to give descriptions of the splendid apparatus of great mens houses, and those delightful scenes which have been the objects of your amusement. Besides, you are not to think I am in *Tartarian* desarts now, but in a land where every mole-hill has its ingenious commentator, and every particle of soil has been studied. It is true a man may talk like a saint and be a *devil*; so he may discourse with propriety upon objects of taste, with very few of those sensations which excite the applause of the heart, where the joy is chiefly seated. I only wish I had language to convey the ideas from which I receive that portion of delight I enjoy myself.

There is another difficulty which occurs to me. I have somewhere read, I believe it is in *Lord Peterborough's* letters to *Mr. Pope*, in which there is mention made of writing to two ladies. "If, says he, I tell one she is
" fair as *Venus*, and the other that she ex-
" cels

A P O L O G Y.

7

"cels *Diana* in chastity, neither of them will
"be pleased." But leaving this to your own
good sense, I think it necessary to observe,
that if I do not mix the little delicacy and
politeness I am master of, with the austerity
of the philosopher, and the zeal of the chri-
stian, you will think me very ill bred and un-
civil, which are faults women never excuse.
If on the other side I should say more than
enough, you are not therefore to imagine I
flatter. Flattery is not one of the vices I am
much addicted to: I think with the poet,

*"It is a little sneaking art which knaves
"Use to cajole and soften fools withal."*

This is very *stoicly* said; but I never yet was
acquainted with woman or man who did not
like a little well timed flattery, even when they
had sense enough to discover they were flat-
tered. The language of the most upright, in
the polite world, has ever some mixture of it.
If we consider how many weaknesses the most
perfect are subject to, which they see and de-
plore, and yet do not, or cannot cure, to

make the draught of life go down pleasantly, it must be mixed with a large portion of self complacency, which cannot be done without our being sometimes flattered.—As the skilful painter describes the features of his portrait with such artful touches that the party is satisfied with his own similitude, we are pleased with a *handsome* likeness of ourselves. Whether it regards the soul or body, the best of us require to be *placed* in an advantageous light. Thus being pleased with the appearances of each other we may rather be induced to exercise our talents in panegyric than in satire; and if we are accustomed to applaud virtue we shall have the greater love for it, and the greater detestation of vice.

You must be sensible that the incidents of our journey did not furnish matter for a *journal*, at least, not equal to my ambition. I am desirous to employ my time usefully. You are sensible that religion is the true source of happiness, and the most interesting of all subjects. Yours is the most devout sex, and therefore may be supposed best pleased with that which

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which has the greatest tendency to promote the cause of virtue. The subject is most familiar to my thoughts, and I have dressed her in as pleasing a garb, and given her as easy an introduction, as my taste, and her appearance in such polite company permits: would to GOD she were more welcome in modern assemblies, which think themselves elegant and refined in their pursuits of pleasure!

The *journal* then is only a *vehicle*, I hope an agreeable one: if from trivial incidents we can draw instruction of high concernment, and by a skilful management of the mind make the proper applications, our time will not be lost. But if you expect to find any satirical touches on private characters, or any curious anecdotes of private history, you will be disappointed. You must acknowledge that whether it relates to ourselves or others, it is a nobler task to mend the *heart*, than to amuse the *fancy*.

If I was less serious in your company than I am in my writing, you may learn this from it; that there is a great difference in the com-

pa-

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parison of some mens *manners*, by which I mean their ordinary address and deportment in the world, and their *cast of thought*. 'Tis the last which influences their actions most; which forms their spirits; gives them that character by which they are best distinguished from each other; and makes them acceptable or unacceptable to heaven.

We are sometimes surprized to see a man, whom we first knew by his writing, so much more lively than we imagined; as we are, that one who appeared like the rest of the world in conversation, should become so very serious as soon as he takes a pen in his hand. If you are thus drawn in to be less gay than you *intended*, or to think less pleasingly of me than you *desired*, make the best use of it you can; you may be equally sincere, and profit by your sincerity. Be assured that I am serious, where the subject is so: indeed I cannot dispossess my mind of an opinion I have long entertained, that *life itself is a serious thing*: therefore I appeal to your *serious thoughts*, not your *gay ones*. I mean to do you and every

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female reader the same honor as I would show the most distinguished of my own sex; and as my subjects are of universal concernment, I consider you no way inferior in your judgment of them. Besides, was I to write unlike myself, I should be still less agreeable to you, who can distinguish nature from art; for it is true in one sense, that

"No man is, for being what he is, in fault;

"But for not being what he would be thought."

Under these circumstances, the more you exercise your own understanding, the better you will supply the defects of mine.

Truth is the object of my pursuit, to this ought all our homage to be offered. O *sacred truth*, it is thy cause which I espouse! But who can tread in all thy steps, or follow thee in all thy paths! Permit me, at least, to offer my prayers at thy shrine. I profess myself thy votary; I adore thy charms. Thy influence cheers and exalts the heart that diligently seeks thee, hide not thyself from mine: there is nothing truly pleasing without thee: nothing delights when thou art absent!

But,

But, Madam, I have heard it said, that if we follow *truth* too close, she will kick our teeth out ; and that, amiable as she is, few ladies are pleased with the entertainment she gives, because her food is too hard for their digestion. It has been also generally remarked, that women are more easily flattered or persuaded, than reasoned into a love of virtue. Be this as it may, I hope you will receive some pleasure, from the account of your own adventures, were it for no other reason than that you know it is true. If I have taken so many flights into the skies, as hardly to leave you at liberty to pursue your journey upon the earth, perhaps I have deceived you into an enjoyment, much superior to any you could receive from a mere narrative ?

Like an author of quality, or as one who aspires high in his *dedication*, you see my book has a splendid cover to recommend it *, and

* These letters were originally intended to remain in manuscript ; and after being printed, together with the *Essay on Tea*, were presented by the author to his friends, therefore it is called a *Second Edition*, revised and corrected, as mentioned in the title page.

because

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because I travel through the clouds, and treat of celestial matters, as well as those which merely belong to the earth, the gilded leaves may be considered as alluding to the glory of the sun, and not as an offering to *Mammon*: you are to suppose so philosophical a writer can have no immoderate attachment to gold. The green binding will naturally remind you of the livery of nature, and from thence carry your mind to the groves, the meads, and lawns you have so lately seen. Adieu, I am yours, &c.

L E T T E R III.

To the same.

MADAM,

YOU must have often observed that the great fault of mankind lies in expecting too much of life in general, and consequently of particular parts of it. For instance, you recollect what you saw, heard, and understood; it was nothing extraordinary, yet, if I know your heart, I am sure you amuse yourself with the

the hopes of finding something in these pages that is *strange*, or *pretty*, or *new*.

Thus it is we commit ourselves to the guidance of *fancy*; and away it flies with us, in search of things which have no existence; or where the *reality* by no means patterns the *imagination*; and what is worse, we hardly ever undeceive ourselves. The attentive experience of a short life teaches us that we are not *made* for any lasting joys, except such as arise from health and a good conscience. Happy are we when we learn what is meant by these, and think it *delight*, to be free from pain; and *pleasure*, to be *contented*; and *happiness*, to feel the *power* and *efficacy* of virtue. Thus forming true notions of earthly felicity, we shall not, in search of imaginary joys, despise or overlook the happiness which we are *really* capable of.

We have the utmost reason to think that happiness is within every one's reach; the happiness I mean which is intended for us by the wise author of nature. To acquire this, we need but *think well and act right*. The rule

rule prescribed is very plain and intelligible, but the practice of it, requires *great care and circumspection.* If upon making the trial we still find ourselves less happy than we conceive we might be, let us acquire more and more virtue : let us *quicken* our speed to obtain the glorious prize in view ; since we know it cannot be *entirely* ours in the regions on this side the grave.

You see I have begun my *journal letters*, with the solemnity of a *dedication*, and the length of a *preface*, which both together frequently contain the quintessence of a whole book. If I have said any thing which has a tendency to promote the virtue and happiness of others, I am in your debt for it; and it is no small increase of my own, to have an opportunity of giving you this proof that I am, with the greatest respect,

M A D A M ,

Your most sincere,

and most obedient

servant,

H * * * * *

P A R T I.

From PORTSMOUTH to SHAFTSBURY;
With many MORAL REFLECTIONS,
not foreign to the purpose.

L E T T E R IV.

To Mrs. D * **

Saturday 9 August, 1755.

MADAM,

PORSMOUTH had been now, for many months, the rendezvous of the fashionable world; every gay young man of fortune, and woman also, in their circle of joyous amusements, took a transient view of it; whilst those who have a relish of one of the noblest sights, which art or industry has yet produced, considered our fleet of capital ships, at this time in particular, with delight and exultation. I was in search of health, but I enjoyed much pleasure, on the water,

ter, in the company of lively sea warriors, distinguished for their good sense as well as good nature. If to these we add a certain honesty of heart peculiar to military men, we must reckon them amongst the most worthy part of mankind.

We left this place in the morning, and went on board a six-oar'd barge as far as *Spithead*, where Miss *H****** joined our company; and here we embarked in the commissioners yacht. The structure and elegance of this small vessel seem to vie with each other; tho' the whole is converted into apartments, yet it is surprising, from her external appearance, how much room and convenience there is in her.

The brightness of the sky, the coolness of the air, the gentle breezes, all conspired to afford delight; but unluckily the winds proving contrary, we were obliged to quit this agreeable manner of sailing, and take to our six-oar'd barge. O what a falling off was here! You who had been so often rowed in pomp, by ten white-shirted, black-capp'd, joyful mariners,

18. *From PORTSMOUTH*

iners, was now by a hard destiny condemn-ed to plow the waters, for twenty tedious miles, with six poor dockmen! --- So a traveller, who was out of humour, might tell the story: but in truth they were stout fellows, and per-formed their duty well; there was no want of room in the boat, and we were much obliged to Miss *H*****.*

Tho' a low'ring sky came on, every object was pleasing, and we no longer lamented the loss of the yacht, from which we soon row'd out of sight. Passing by the villages of *Stub-bington* and *Helhead* on the right, the *Isle of Wight* appears on the left, with all the charms which woods and lawns, with a beautiful ine-quality of ground, and the liveliest verdure, can exhibit.

At the height of *Titchfield river*, whose waters reach about twenty miles to *West Meon*, the northwest point of the *Isle of Wight*, at the distance of eight or ten miles, drew your at-tention. From the flatness of the ground, one might be led to imagine the trees grew in

the sea, or were separated some distance from the shore.

On the other side of this island is *Hurst Castle*, built by *Henry VIII.* as a guard to the new forest, and from whence *Charles I.* it is said, was removed to the famous *Careybrooke Castle*, in the *Isle of Wight*, the ruins of which you lately saw.

Opposite to *Tichfield river*, lie *East* and *West Cowes*, which form the entrance into the delicious river which leads to *Newport*. Do you remember the adventures of our *Partie*, and the rapture which the company express'd when we rowed up this river a few weeks before, the boat's crew keeping time to the music of *French horns*? Let us record in the annals of fame, till moth shall consume this humble manuscript, the gallant heroes of this jovial train, our honored friends Mr. *W****, Mr. *D****, captains *H******, *P*****, *S******, *R******, *H******, and major *B******. Heaven preserve them all to fight our battles! Nor must we forget the amiable Mrs. *H******, the warbling Miss

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H******, the good-natured sensible Miss B******, with the gentle Miss B***, and her sprightly sister. *Farewell.* I am yours, &c.

L E T T E R V.

To the same.

M A D A M,

Saturday.

WE had now a fair view of *Cafshot Caffle*, which is built on the east point of the new forest. This wood is famous in story: here *William the Conqueror* destroyed many towns and villages for thirty miles round; and exposed many thousands, perhaps some more virtuous than himself, to misery, for the gratification of his pleasure in hunting: and yet he might then lay the foundation of the glory of this nation, in the oaks which grew here, and the ships which were made with them. At this diversion, and in this forest, his son king *William Rufus* 655 years ago lost his life. *Walter Tyrrel* was the name of the man, who shooting an arrow at a deer, it struck a tree,

a tree, and flanting off, wounded the king to death.

You may imagine the superstition of the times led men to impute the accident to the judgments of heaven, for the crimes of the father in distressing the inhabitants of this part of the country. It might be so: but the wisdom and mercy of men being finite, and these attributes in God, infinite, I think we have no right to draw conclusions of this kind, especially in the punishment of children for the faults of their parents.

Culshot castle is supposed capable of guarding the entrance into Southampton water, which is not two miles broad, and the channel for ships very narrow. The land on both sides has a very pleasing effect. About two miles from the castle on the opposite side, is the mouth of the river Hamble, in which the tide flows up part of twelve miles to Bishops-Waltham. Would you increase your pleasure in travelling, and enlarge your ideas, consider the different quarters of the compass, and how rivers and towns lie with respect to each other?

I remember the remarks you made on the wisdom of our forefathers, in chusing the most delightful situation for their convents and nunneries. If the precepts of christian philosophy allow of this kind of seclusion from the world, these pious mortals ought to be indulged in the enjoyment of beautiful situations. Their innocence cannot be endangered by it; rather it teaches them the more exalted love of him, by whose power the face of the earth is covered with so many objects to delight the heart. *Nettly-abby*, by which we now passed, is most pleasantly situated. It is not fifty years since the roof of this building was standing; and there are said to be many vestiges of grandeur and convenience yet remaining. Close to the water are the ruins of a fortification, which seems to have been the defence of the nunnery.

Had it not been for the abhorrence of *Romish* superstition, many a stately edifice, which is now in ruins, might have been preserved and converted into schools, or employed in other useful purposes. But such has been the

fate

fate of antient buildings, which costing much to repair, and new modes and fashions being adopted, are for these reasons generally neglected. I have also heard it remarked, by some ingenious persons, that no house ought to be built to last above a hundred years, alledging that the taste of ages alters ; and arts and industry are much promoted by building ; but I apprehend they will consent to give to palaces and public edifices a longer date.

From the entrance of *Southampton* water to the town, is about ten miles ; and the distance from *Portsmouth* computed three-and-twenty. We had been five hours on our way, but it did not appear above three : if I could be so dishonest as to flatter, I should say it was not quite one. Except a voyage of about three hundred miles, on the *Volga*, I never made one in an open boat, so long as this ; and neither in boat or ship, ever half so pleasing.

Farewel, I am yours, &c.

LETTER VI.

*To the same,*MADAM, *Saturday,*

METHOUGHT at the entrance into Southampton, the town might be much improved by better walks on the water-side. It is the mistake of mankind, and argues their weakness as well as want of virtue; that although the happiness of a *whole* community is concerned, very little skill or cost are employed for the *public* use, except by accident; whilst the gardens of a *private* man are often improved with the labor and art of ages.

What adds much to the charms of Southampton, is the river Itchen: it is on the east side, and comes from the north above twenty miles, passing through Alesford and Winchester, above which it branches into many lesser streams. How far it is affected by the tide I forgot to enquire. On the western side of the town is the river Tees, whose streams run near thirty miles, and water Rumsey, Stockbridge,

and

and Whitchurch, its serpentine course coming six or eight miles further from the eastward.

Southampton is well known in story for having a commodious harbor for ships, and carrying on a considerable trade, particularly with *Portugal*. Like many of the least considerable ports it was once suspected of smuggling, but the inhabitants are now become too virtuous to fly in the face of that government, under which they are happy in the enjoyment of so many advantages. This town has several remains of antiquity, particularly part of the old wall which once defended the place. It is well peopled, and has five churches; the great street is remarkably broad and long. In this reign of Saltwater, great numbers of people of distinction prefer Southampton for bathing; but you agree with me, that the bathing-house is not comparable to that of *Portsmouth*: not only as being smaller, and uncovered; but here is no water, except at certain times of the tide; whereas at *Portsmouth* one may always bathe. Shall you forget the proof we saw here of the fantastical taste of

the

26 MUNIFICENCE.

the age we live in, by the bathing vestments, intended for the ladies, being *flounc'd* and *pink'd*?

It is recorded of *Canute*, one of our antient kings, that he took occasion at this place to check the parasites of his court, who wantonly extoled his power. As he sat on the shore, he bid the tide not to approach him to wet his feet. You see what little incidents are handed down to us by historians. No body can doubt but that knaves and fools were as plenty in early times, as they are now; and just as little may be learnt from the whim of that prince, as from your *itinerant letter-writers*, when they record the *pinking* the sleeves of a bathing habit.

What can we say of any town in the kingdom! How eagerly we fly from it to some rural scene, to suck in the ambrosial air, to delight the ear with the melody of birds, and the eye with shady groves and verdant lawns. This you remember was our case; we had hardly dined before we went to *Padworth* to see *Bevis-mount*, the seat of the late lord Peterborough,

terborough, now the property of colonel *Mordaunt*.

In our way to this place, we passed under the north gate of the town, over which is the prison: here we heard the praises sung of *lady A*****, who lately lodged in the neighbourhood of it: the relief she afforded the wretched persons confined, is recorded to her great honor, whilst all the balls and entertainments which have been made in this town, from the reign of *Canute* down to the present time, are buried in utter oblivion. If the memorial of acts of beneficence is register'd in heaven, careless as we often are, how that account may stand, we must not be surprized that a lady's charity should be talked of to her praise, when the expensive feast, or the late hour, at which young women dance, are remembered only by those who injure their health by excess, instead of giving life to others by a generous dispensation of the goods of fortune, I am yours, &c.

LETTER

LETTER VII.

To the same.

MADAM,

Saturday.

MY curiosity to view *Bevis Mount*, was
the stronger from my remembrance of
the noble lord who was the late possessor; I
believe it was in the autumn 1736, when
Sir *John Norris*, who commanded a power-
ful fleet in the *Tagus*, paid the last ho-
nors to the remains of this intrepid gene-
ral and sagacious leader of armies. It was
about the year 1705 when he made so rapid
a progress through great part of the domini-
ons of *Spain*. When he was in winter quar-
ters at *Lisbon*, how often did he rise before the
sun, and in person solicit the dispatch of bu-
siness with *Diogo de Mendonça Corte Real*, se-
cretary of state to the late king of *Portugal*.
This faithful and acute minister was yet alive
when *lord Peterborough* came to *Lisbon*, at the
time just mentioned, in hopes to protract life
a little while, under extreme age, and more

-extreme

extreme decay. "Alas," says the good old secretary, "where now is all his martial ardor? "—Will he rouse me before the day, and not suffer me to rest a moment till his business be done?—Those days are gone for ever; we must all yield to the more powerful arm of death!"

You know, Madam, this noble lord married Mrs. Robinson, a person who sung upon the stage; but she made him an admirable wife. She too has lately taken her flight into the regions of immortality.—The great globe itself will one day dissolve, heaven only knows how soon! In the mean while, it is our glory and felicity to contemplate that almighty power by which we exist; and that bounty by which we are capable of enjoying the various delights which the visible world affords.

Bevis Mount is a mile from Southampton: it is but a small house, and did not excite our curiosity to visit the inside; but the garden is extremely agreeable. On an eminence, by the river side, is a summer or banqueting house, of an agreeable structure, and well furnished. This

This spot commands a beautiful view of the town; and on the east side it looks down upon the mouth of the river *Itchin*, which is bordered by high banks covered with wood. At the flowing tide it exhibits a charming piece of water: but it is remarkable, that the old *lord* would never suffer any body to be admitted into his gardens at low-water.

There are many choice busts of marble of various colours, and several ancient *Roman* altars of the same material. Do you remember the limpid stream which fell into a marble basin, where you allayed your thirst; or rather where you drank, because the water looked so pure? It is easy to discover how much the garden might be improved, by taking in some of the adjacent ground, which they told us the late *lord* intended. The opportunities he had of making collections of curiosities, and the elegant taste he has here shewn, in this age of improvement in gardening, are very demonstrable. I am very sincerely yours, &c.

LETTER

LETTER VIII.

To Mrs. O*****.

Sunday 10 August, 1755.

MADAM,

A Sabbath day's journey among the Jews was not to exceed two thousand cubits, making about the eighteenth part of a mile, or according to some calculations of cubits five eighths of a mile. I presume they meant, that there should not be any travelling, properly so called, unless in cases of very urgent necessity, which destroyed the common idea of *traveling*. Would to God that christians were less faulty in this particular! I hope he will forgive me: I have often travelled on a sunday, tho' seldom without going to church in the morning. I would now have paid my devotion to heaven *first*, and to *you*, as one of the objects most worthy attention in the visible world, in the *second* place; but you urged the necessity of going immediately to *Salisbury* to see your friends, who were on the point of leaving that place.

I thought

I thought it a happiness that we had just time to take our leave of our charming fellow passenger Miss H * * * * ; and after discharging our reckoning at the *Dolphin*, we set out. Travelling a little way on the banks of *Southampton water*, near the entrance of the *Tees*, we directed our course to *Rumsey* a market-town, famous for its antiquity, and for giving birth to the ingenious *Sir William Pettit*. It is distant eight miles. The country here is delightfully wooded, and abounds in corn lands; whilst the inequality of the ground affords an uninterrupted entertainment to the eye. This cross road, I presume, is difficult to pass in the winter season.

From *Rumsey*, pursuing our journey, we stopt at the little village, I think they called it *White Parish*. Whilst the horses were watering I strolled into the churchyard. Whether it arises from the consideration of our common mortality, or only for the pleasure of filling up a vacant moment in any rational way, but I always find myself led, on these occasions, by a kind of instinct. I had here an opportunity

nity of seeing what nonsense is handed down to posterity, engraved on stone ! 'Tis shameful to a nation that any of their clergy should be *illiterate or lazy*. Ought not the vicar or his curate to inform his parishioners, how admirably adapted many passages, in the old and new testament, are to these occasions ? You may see however, by this attempt of the unlettered muse, how the harmony of numbers enchant !

*"This world is full of crooked streets ;
Death is a place where all men meets :
If life were sold that men could buy,
The rich would live, the poor must die."*

Why is not the peasant instructed to choose from the sacred penmen ?

What sublime sentiments might he entertain from such sentences as these ?

"This corruption shall put on incorruption ; and this mortal shall put on immortality."

"I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord : he that believeth in me, though he

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" were dead, yet shall he live. And who so ever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die."

" I know that my redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth. And though after my skin, worms destroy this body ; yet in my flesh shall I see God : whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another."

Thus would the rustic, who is only taught to *read*, learn the best and truest philosophy from a tombstone ; and the gentleman of fortune, in the country, might turn this current of nonsense, at least in his own church yard. Would it not be of use to the good sense and morals of the people, to help them in this instance ? Is it necessary to indulge the honest peasant, in propagating such absurdities, because it would be more absurd to attempt making him *learned* ?

But here we have a striking proof of the fondness which mankind entertain for the children of their own *brain* : the peasant, fond of his own conceits, may say " why should not

"not I write my own poetry, as well as the
"curate his own sermon? both of us might
"be much better supplied by other people."
And, if you please, I will add another reflection, which is, that you may be supplied with moral essays by a much better author than myself; therefore I will refer the vicar, curate, gentleman, and *author*, to their own hearts; there are many things in this nation of more moment to be corrected. I am yours, &c.

LETTER IX.

To the same.

MADAM,

Sunday.

FROM White Parish we continued our rout a few miles, and entering Wiltshire at East Dean, we passed over a down, and came into the great western road, at the distance of five or six miles from Salisbury; the lofty spire of whose cathedral soon presented itself to view.

About two in the afternoon we arrived at the city. And here we became still deeper in your debt, for one of the most pleasing circum-

36 FIRST IMPRESSIONS

stances that can attend travellers, or indeed which occurs in the ordinary course of life; I mean, an introduction to the acquaintance of polite, lively, and sensible persons, especially of *your sex*; of this perhaps I am most sensible. I ought in gratitude to mention the amiable Mrs. *D******, the ingenious and agreeable Mrs. *E******, and her sister Miss *S******, the polite sensible Mrs. *G******; the pretty musician her daughter, and the little cherubim her son.

Shall you forget what was said of this sweet boy of six years old? As he sat pensive one day, being asked what he thought of; "I am thinking," says he, "of the great GOD of heaven, and that I must die!" — 'Tis amazing how reason ripens in some children; how much depends on our parents; and how deep the belief of a GOD is implanted in us! I was present the other day at a scene not the less interesting for being in common and familiar life. A very good woman, as many good women delight to trifle, was telling a story, not properly introduced, to her son a child of five years of age,

of

of a boy who had been thrown into a pond, &c.
My little friend listened with great attention,
and at length with a mixture of indignation and
sorrow, burst into tears, and spoke to this ef-
fect, and almost in these words. " Why do
" you tell me such stories? Would no body
" take him out? I would have taken him out,
" and knock'd those down with a giant's club
" who should have opposed me." Here na-
ture spoke aloud! I could not help taking the
boy in my arms, to commend his good sense
as well as his generosity. Tho' this fiction di-
stressed him, yet he saw the absurdity of the
attempt to abuse his tender mind. He dis-
covered in some measure, that she who should
have taught him to be a man, was making him
too much a child. Perhaps it is not quite so
easy to give great and noble impressions, as
mean and little ones, but it should be our task
to reform mankind in their *infancy*, or future
ages never will be blessed with patriots, philo-
sophers and saints.

After dinner Mrs. G***** conducted
us to the cathedral, where we performed our

duty to GOD, enraptured with an anthem of her chusing. The highest foretaste of the entertainments of blessed spirits seems to be that of the heart, devoted to the service of GOD, joined to a well-improved understanding, and assisted by a lively imagination. If to these we add that sensibility of the charms of music, which some possess as if it were by immediate inspiration from heaven, what pleasure can we conceive to be more exalted?

This entertainment engaged us in the reflection, that whenever divines or poets attempt to give us a notion of celestial joys, they naturally recur to the idea of music: If we look into the world at large, we shall find that all nations, of all religions, use singing of some kind or other. The *mabomedan* priests, at certain stated hours, from turrets erected for that purpose, pronounce their creed with loud acclamations, and invoke the people to pray; tho' it must be observed that in private the *Mahomedans* repeat their addresses to the ALMIGHTY in a low voice, or worship in awful silence. The *Pagans* invoke their gods with

with very loud songs of praise and thanksgiving. The Jews are extremely loud in their public prayers. The greatest part of the devotion of the Romanists is performed by singing. The Lutherans and Calvinists, tho' separated from the Papists, would think they performed their duty to GOD in a very improper manner, if they did not chaunt his praise. And what would our common people say were they not permitted to sing psalms? The true spirit of devotion is not always kept up with us in this manner of worshipping the ALMIGHTY; but without it, we may question if our common people would ever chuse to come to the public worship.

Nor does this spirit predominate in one kind of worship only. Besides *anthems* in churches, which all the world admires, except a few who think *music* and *beaven* have no connection, you have heard old-fashioned people talk of *spiritual songs*. In this very polite age, we hardly know what is meant by such songs; they are seldom mentioned but in ridicule; at the same time we must do justice to the votaries of modern politeness who have a taste for *oratorios*, which

which are no other than spiritual songs. When this entertainment gives place to *loose* or *folly* scenes, the cause of religion will still decline. Tho' immoral and unchaste representations are allowed on our theatres, we pay a veneration to an *oratorio*. Who hears the *Messiah* unmoved? In spite of the *little* taste which prevails among us, we have still a relish for religious music. Many of the compositions of *Handel* will ever give us great pleasure; and ere long you may hear some of *Marcello's*: the ingenious Mr. *Gartb* of *Durham* has adapted several *English psalms* to the music of this *Italian* composer. And those who have a relish for the *sublime* in music, will soon have an opportunity to purchase them,

Music, as well as poetry, depends much on the *imagination*, and we often see men make strumpets of the muses, or being captivated out of measure, make *fools* or *madmen* of themselves. Notwithstanding this, when we enter, with such assistances, into the *true* spirit of *devotion*, they become a means of pleasure far beyond what common mortals can enjoy. It is not that we are afraid of the power of mu-

CHURCH MUSIC.

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sic over the passions, with respect to the worship of God : we are rather inclined to employ our *passions* about every thing *except religion*. And yet if the passions are essential parts of the human composition, why should they not be exercised in *devotion*? In musical worship, our very *senses* are employed : where there is *concord* in sounds, correspondent with our *ideas*, we tune and harmonize the soul. When sublime poetry is joined to sublime music, and both these to devotion, they improve each other's charms ; they give auxiliary powers to the soul ; and, if you will allow the similitude, convert the *man* into an *angel*.

Those who have a lively sense of religion, must have observed how languid the action of *reason alone* often proves. There is a *disposition*, that partakes of *enthusiasm*, and without which the greatest part of mankind are very languid in their devotion ; we must also consider that it is the *error* of the head, rather than the *warmth of the heart*, which turns the brains of some of us in this island ; as the *blaze*

voius nro elatione norminoz tsdew baoyed of
-urri lo rwoeq erl lo hisits sas zw tsdli jor a i
22

of piety dazzles and confounds, whilst the *pure flame* cherishes and enlightens.

"Enthusiasm has made villains martyrs;"

but *zeal* makes virtuous and wise men die for their faith: we see how far that *zeal* and *piety*, which has some *mixture* of enthusiasm, often carries men, in *war*, in *friendship*, in *love*, in *patriotism*, in *religion*. Those who are for the total exclusion of the passions in all religious concerns, judge from the fatal effects these have sometimes produced: but I think they judge partially, for they do not observe how passion influences the gross of mankind, nor what fatal effects arise from a languid indifference. What neither reason nor the passions can execute separately, happy for us when it is accomplished by that spirit which we have no other name for, than *enthusiasm*. You will easily comprehend I do not mean that species of it which is more properly denominated *frenzy*; but reason and passion acting with united force, animated by that *fire* which carries

ries men to the noblest heights in everything that is acceptable in the sight of God, and without which, there would not be such virtue and happiness in the world as we often find there is.

But not to launch into too great a field; in whatever degree the passions are useful, or unnecessary, in the exercise of the most exalted worship of God, the pleasures of devotion are undoubtedly the most pure and unmixed; therefore upon the very principle of the *love of pleasure*, we ought to set apart some portion of our time every day, to the *worship of God*, without submitting ourselves to any interruption from the affairs of the world. Those whose circumstances are so happy as to admit of it, ought to perform this duty in *public*, as well as in *private*; and those who have a taste of the *cathedral service*, must ever receive the highest of all pleasures. *Farewel. I am yours, &c.*

LETTER

LETTER X.

To the same.

MADAM,

Sunday.

AFTER recommending *one* of the entertainments exhibited on the stage, I must tell you how much I disapprove of *another*, as it is at present conducted. It might be happy for this nation, if handsome salaries were allowed to two or three men of character, distinguished for their piety as well as their skill in poetry, to act under the lord chamberlain. Their business should be to suppress all plays which are of an evil tendency to morals, and to reform such as are good in themselves, but have passages in them which are injurious to virtue.

The power lodged in the lord chamberlain is calculated to suppress every thing which might be exhibited on the stage, derogatory to the dignity of the throne, the sacred person of the king, and the welfare of the state. Experience teaches us that this restriction is very far from

from being injurious to *liberty*, but rather calculated to support its cause, and prevent its degenerating into *libertinism*. But is not the honor of GOD, and the interest of mens *souls* to be likewise taken into the consideration? If a *British* audience departs from that good sense for which they have been so long distinguished, or gives up virtue a prey to the servile prostitution of a poet's pen, who makes them the compliment of supposing they have no relish for a performance which has not a great mixture of lewdness and immorality: if this is the case, does it not become the duty of the legislative power to correct so crying an enormity? Let this be done with all the art and gentleness which the acutest policy can suggest. But if it is not established as a maxim, that nothing but downright *blasphemy* is exceptionable, the laws of civil society call aloud for a reformation in so scandalous an instance.

Vice is vice, in male or female; and, in both, detestable in the sight of GOD. But there are certain weighty reasons why the virtue which we call *decency* should appear more *amiable*, and

and indecency more shameful, in your sex than in mine. One may easily discern how custom triumphs over common sense: even some of the most sacred regards of life submit to the tyranny of it. That which a woman would blush to see, or hear in private, or be obliged to confess her corruption of heart, she both hears and sees in public, with all the eyes of an audience upon her, with an easy indifference. There are passages in some of our plays, which very few women, who are truly modest, can hear, much less see, without some degree of confusion or indignation. But supposing that persons advanced in years could hear and see *all* that passes on the stage, with the utmost indifference, which is making a compliment few of us deserve, can this be the case with the youthful of both sexes, who compose the greater part of an audience? Impossible!

“Vice is a monster of such horrid mien,

“As to be hated needs but to be seen;

“Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,

“We first endure, then pity, then embrace.”

Says

Says Mr. Pope; and is not this the dictate of common sense and experience?

Can any thing be more apparent, than that the correction of this scandalous abuse of the stage depends on women of distinction? You may do just as you please. We may say, with great propriety, that you have an absolute authority in this instance. Go to these immoral or lewd plays, and you support them. Absent yourselves, show your *dislike* by not appearing at them, they will be *corrected*, or never performed, and consequently fall into *oblivion*.

Granting that the stage is obliged to *love*, more than to all the other passions; and that this subject being taken from the poet, he will throw away his quill: how infinitely diversified are the scenes which this passion creates in real life! Without departing from nature, he may make his incidents very interesting, and yet keep up to the *decency* of a *public exhibition*. Why should he attempt to unfold the dark corners of the heart? But to represent actions in themselves black and detestable, with all the *glosses* which *wit* can furnish, and all

the

the gay colors which a lively *imagination* can paint, is a vile prostitution of the faculties of the soul, which were given for very different purposes. What proofs has our inimitable *Shakespear* given, that this passion may be treated *delicately, delightfully, virtuously!* Without proceeding to such romantic heights as some dramatic writers have carried this passion, their scenes of *love* might be more generally calculated for common life, to inspire an audience with a right sense of social virtues,

"*And marriage be no more the jest of fools.*"

Farewel.

LETTER III.

To the same.

MADAM,

Sunday.

NOTHING can be more obvious than this: whatever is shocking to decency, to common honesty, and consequently to the sacred regards of *religion*, is productive of examples pernicious to society, and ought not

only

only to be avoided, but punished. This should be esteemed the criterion, whether a state is really *civilized* or not. With regard to the *public*, all kinds of amusements which tend to destroy that virtue on which the *public welfare* depends, ought to be guarded against, and as carefully watched in all their symptoms, as an epidemical distemper which endangers the un-peopling a state.

Perhaps *novelty* and *variety* were never in greater repute amongst us than at present; and yet we are not *totally* departed from the character of a grave and intelligent nation. So at least it seems to me, with regard to *theatrical* representations: for tho' we are extremely faulty in the instance before us, what passages are so much *admired*, or, if I may use the expression, more eagerly *devoured*, than such as contain the deepest reflections on the being of a *God*, the immortality of the soul, and a state of rewards and punishments? Who can *see* the incomparable *Garrick*, without thinking they behold the very prince of *Denmark*? Or who can *bear him ask*,

"Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer,

"The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;

"Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,

"And by opposing, end them?"

Who, I say, can hear him ask this question without resolving,

"That there is something after death."

The consideration of which ought

"To make men rather choose those ills they have,

"Than fly to others, which they know not?"

To speak in the simple language which Christianity dictates, will not such a lesson induce us to resign to the dispensations of heaven, and to think that what the world calls misfortune, may be turned to our advantage? And may we not depart from the playhouse more edified than many are in churches? We have a great deal of virtue remaining, though we are careless and inconsiderate. A little attention might cure the evil: it belongs to you to reform by your example. The interest

of the female world is concerned in a high degree. It would not only give you a more solid pleasure in your expectations of immortality, but also raise trophies to your fame in this world. With regard to temporal felicity, it is certain if there was more *virtue*, there would be more *conjugal love*: or, if you please, if there was less *vice*, there would be less *misery*, not in the married state only, but in all others. Without making *bissent parties* yourselves, you might show your dislike; you might commission your friends to *damn*, not the play, but all passages in it offensive to modesty: the poet would then leave them out on the second night's acting. Our newest plays have much purer sentiments than some of the *old ones*, therefore the business is already in a happy train, and might be accomplished without much difficulty.

You will easily understand that I am now pleading for the theatre, the interest of which I have much at heart. As to what regards the lives of most players, it is not my business to enquire; but if, in general, the playhouse is not dedicated to *Diana*, yet there are some as

chaste and religious people, on the stage of the theatre, as on the stage of the world. Upon the principle I recommend, there would be no *rake* on the stage, or he would be so little countenanced by the poet, as hardly to dare to be so *off* it. Actors would be habituated to speculative virtue, from the parts they performed: from thence, some of them would become practical philosophers, and shining examples, and be the *characters* they most coveted to appear in.

If nothing was *seen* or *heard* offensive to the chaste or pious, corrupt as we are in many instances, theatres would not be less frequented than they are. The profession of a player would receive a dignity which it is far from having now. Gentlemen of education might then become actors, without any of those *reserves* and *exceptions* which prevail under the present establishment of the theatre; consequently the difficult and laborious science of acting, would be esteemed *worthy*, in proportion to its *utility*, and be carried to a much greater height of improvement than it now is.

As

As virtue would be thus represented to us in more amiable colors, instead of going from the playhouse to the brotbel, the brave youth would grow enamoured of religion; be fired with the love of his country, and roused to a generous contempt of life in the cause of virtue:

*"For this the tragic muse first trod the stage,
Commanding tears to flow through every age."*

The vicious would be ashamed of vice which they saw thus discountenanced. The inferior clergy, of whom those who want piety or industry, might learn to be more vigilant in promoting the cause of religion: and reverend prelates would suffer no diminution of respect to their character and office, if they were frequently present at the theatres. As the *cafe* now stands, the *virtuous* are seldom the *better* for the stage, and the *vicious* much the *worse* for it.

Historians tell us, that neither *Greece*, nor *Rome*, nor *Athens*, allowed the liberties which we countenance. As *heathens* they disdained, what we *English christians* not only *suffer*, but

applaud. The stage in France is chaste; the greatest libertine will not bear a *double entendre* to be uttered. This shows the superior good sense of the French in this instance, and that they keep up to the primitive institution. If they are not better christians in *faith*, nor *practice*, they have more regard to *decency*; and would probably be much more abandoned than they are, if their stage was no chaster than ours. Whatever happens to us, let us strive to conquer vice, and by all possible means endeavor to subdue our sins.

To attempt a reformation in the *gross*, proves the projector to have a great deal *too much* wit, or a great deal *too little*: but *not to attempt* it, in a particular instance, so very level to common sense; so interesting to truth and virtue; so essential to religion; is a stronger proof of a national *delirium*;—from which may God, of his infinite mercy, deliver us! I am yours,

Sc.

LETTER

LETTER XII.

To the same.

MADAM,

Sunday.

MUSIC and theatres led us to consider the harmony of numbers, particularly as it is employed in religious worship. Poetry, alas! has been often prostituted to the offering incense to the devil, to bring the soul down to a level with brutes: it may safely be employed to celebrate the feats of warriors, as well as martyrs; or the stories of honest lovers, or honest satyrists; but the noblest use of it is in religion. It is very piously, as well as poetically said,

"Whom shall I sing but him who gave me voice?"

Were you an angel, whom could you praise, so worthily, as him who made you such!

Our greatest masters in poetry have sometimes employed their talents in heavenly songs. Mr. Addison has left us several short hymns, which glow with the true spirit of piety. Be yourself the judge, if it is possible to read them

wthout receiving some pleasure : or if you can make them your own, by the force of memory, without being occasionally led to repeat them. And can you repeat such poems, without feeling some of those emotions which distinguish the pious from the profane ? The soul is framed to a sense of our dependance on *God*; and it seems natural to *indulge* ourselves in all such means of piety as are calculated to raise the affections, that whilst we purify the heart, we may *exalt* it also. Upon this principle I recommend the following hymn of the celebrated author just mentioned.

I.

*When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys ;
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.*

II.

*O how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravish'd heart !
But thou canst read it there.*

III.

DIVINE POETRY. 57

III.
T^y thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redress't,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

IV.

To all my weak complaints and cries
T^y thy mercy lent an ear,
E'er yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in pray'r.

V.

Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
T^y thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.

VI.

When in the slipp'ry paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

VII.

Through bidden dangers, toils, and deat'bs,
It gently clear'd my way;
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

VIII.

58 DIVINE POETRY.

VIII.

*When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face,
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.*

IX.

*By bounteous hand with worldly bliss,
Has made my Cup run o'er,
And in a kind and faithful friend,
Has doubled all my store.*

X.

*Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.*

XI.

*Through every period of my life,
By goodness I'll pursue ;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.*

XII.

*When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever-grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore !*

XIII.

XIII.

Through all eternity to thee

A joyful song I'll raise;

For, oh! eternity's too short

To utter all thy praise.

I shall have a higher opinion of the good sense of this nation, when I see young persons taught, and old ones teach themselves, the proper use of such poems. We should learn early to read poetry, as we learn to sing. I know a young lady of eight years of age, who repeats with a juster cadence, and truer emphasis, than one finds among an hundred grown persons of either sex. We ought to exercise ourselves most in divine poetry, it will afford a constant entertainment, and ought to be deemed a necessary accomplishment. As memory is necessary to preserve the fruits of experience, repetition and reflexion are the best means to help memory. The hymns in question are only preparatives for piety; they are but helps to call back our wandering thoughts, to warm a cold attention, and to give us a more lively sense of our condition.

What

What foolish mortals we are to think of arriving at the *end* without the *means*; and what folly is it to neglect such *means* as reason and experience prove to be *intrinsically valuable*! But what are the most animated compositions, compared to the writings of the inspired penmen? nothing merely human seems to approach them in majesty, force, or sublimity! Read *Job*, read *David*, or read *St. Paul*: however obscure some passages may be to us, those we clearly understand cannot be read without conveying a power resembling inspiration: and yet, alas, these books are very little studied; I might say hardly ever read, except by the *poor* and *illiterate*, or perchance at *church*, where we seldom enter sufficiently into the beauties of the *language* or the *sentiment*. There are many remarks of this kind, much superior to any I can make, to be found in the *spectators* and other authors, and I refer you to them. Farewel. I am yours, &c.

LETTER

DESCRIPTION of WILTON. 61

LETTER XIII.

To the same.

MADAM,

Sunday.

LET us now contemplate the charms of this world. After church we went to Wilton, the seat of the earl of *Pembroke*, which is distant from *Salisbury* three miles. Near this place is the borough town, of that name, where was first established the famous manufactory of carpets, which are now made in several parts of the kingdom. I have often thought that, considering their thinness and small breadths, it may be called a very imperfect manufactory, and such as we ought to blush to be excelled in by *Turks*, whose carpets resemble a fine mossy turf.

If you would know more of *Wilton* than our observation could supply in so short a time, there is a whole quarto volume of *lord Pembroke's* medals, in which, if I mistake not, are included his statues and busts. I am also told, there is a small volume, with an account of the

62 DESCRIPTION of WILTON.

the ornaments of this famous house. It was finished about 110 years since, but the greatest part of the building is as old as the reign of *Henry VIII.* This building is square, with turrets at each corner, and a quadrangular area within. It is built with stone, and (if I mistake not) of a *Gothic* structure; it is richly ornamented on the outside of the walls, as well as within: and the geometrical staircase is said to be the first erected in this island; the walls of it are beautifully ornamented with paintings.

This palace, for so we may call it, contains as a collection of the richest statues, busts, antiques, and relieveo's, of any nobleman in *England*; or, perhaps, of any man in the world. Indeed it is a grand repository of curiosities. The lower apartments are so crowded, that they appear like so many shops or magazines of marble merchandize. But amidst this profusion of grandeur, the arrangement seems to be as elegant as such a number will admit.

Of the upper apartments there are several very noble. Here it was *Sir Philip Sidney* wrote

DESCRIPTION of WILTON. 69

wrote his *Arcadio*, a romance commonly known by the name of *Pembroke's Arcadio*, from its being address'd to his sister the countess of Pembroke. One of the rooms has the pannels painted with the several most remarkable stories in that romance; but it is now old, and was badly executed at first. I think, Madam, the character which is given of the author, sets him so very high above common mortals, if I was to read any romance, it should be this: and yet I am told he has follow'd the *Italian* poets, and introduced very strange and absurd flights of fancy.

The grand apartment, or dining-room, is very noble indeed, being 60 feet long, 30 broad, and 30 high. The busts, which are ranged opposite the windows through the whole length, have a very fine effect. In this room is a great deal of rich furniture, and a fine painted cieling. There is a great number of pictures in the house, but some of them are so bad, they seem to have no right to hang there; that which is most distinguished is the family piece in this grand apartment, painted

SIR W.

by

64 DESCRIPTION of WILTON.

by Vandyke: it is 20 feet long, and 12 high, containing thirteen figures as big as the life. You will never forget the noble ideas with which your mind swell'd, when you was surprized at the sight of this picture, in which the painter has reached so near to nature, that one almost imagines it is real life.

We were told, that the present young *lord* intends to build a library, or to convert one of his apartments to that use; in the mean while the books sleep in their huge chests, of which a large room was full.

It was in this house we saw some prodigious slabs of marble, the largest I ever beheld, except at the famous church which the late king of Portugal built at *Maffra*, near *Lisbon*.
ADIEU. I am yours, &c.

LETTER XIV.

To the same.

MADAM,

Sunday.

SINCE our time permits only a transient view of the noble ornaments and costly collections at *Wilton*, let us hasten from the works

works of men, to the more glorious works of GOD ! We may here contemplate the beautiful lawns on the south-east side of the house, and the bright streams which water them. Over this river is a *palladian* bridge of exquisite architecture, much admired by all connoisseurs. Above this, to the southward, you must not forget that noble rising ground, to the summit of which is about a quarter of a mile. Here stands a very large equestrian statue, in lead, of *Marcus Aurelius*, a Roman emperor, whose virtues are so much extolled by historians. From this eminence there is a view of the valley below, and of part of *Salisbury*, which looks very rural, the cathedral, as well as other parts of the city, being embower'd with trees.

From the contemplation of beautiful nature, the mind is easily led to that of moral rectitude. True taste in the arrangement of material objects, such as delight the senses, or exalt the heart, seems to have a great analogy with the harmony, or order, which the love of virtue inspires. It now occur'd to my mind, of

66 Of WILTON, with REFLECTIONS

what little worth all these glories would be, to me who might be snatched from them by a sudden blast from the north-east, if I had no hopes beyond the grave, nor any sure ground on which to build those hopes! Of what moment are all the works of art or nature, compared to the happiness of a *future* state? How glorious soever material objects may appear, their impressions remain but a little while, and are at best but as the outlines of a picture, compared with the most perfect and most finish'd piece.

The weather was very serene and delightful. Heaven and earth seemed to smile upon us, as if they approved the pleasure we enjoyed. Nor did this charming scene give me more delight, than the recollection of the lines in Pope, which the sight of the statue just mentioned brought to my mind, and chimed in with my thoughts at this time:

"Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
"Or, failing, dies in exile or in chains;
"Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed
"Like Socrates, that man is great indeed!"

But

But let us not leave this delightful eminence, without looking back to the serpentine walks, in the hanging wood, on the south-west side of the house; nor pass over in silence the beautiful and extensive prospects, which are seen from the room on the summit of this hill. Amidst all this pleasure, I was afraid your health would receive harm from the mossy damp turf in walking by the sides of the river, to the *fall*, which forms a sheet of water. At this place is a summer-house with several apartments elegantly finished. Whether these are dedicated to the god of the river, or to the zephyrs which play upon it, I forgot to enquire.

Night now came on, and shut us out from all further pleasure of this kind.—Time will not stand still;—we may *enjoy*, but cannot *detain* the moments as they fly. We changed the scene to the company of our friends at *Salisbury*, who entertained us at supper with the same politeness, good-humor, and good-sense, which we had already experienced. *Adieu.*
I am yours, &c.

LETTER XV.

To the same.

MADAM,

Sunday.

SALISBURY is the capital of *Wiltshire*, and is to be considered with the more reverence on account of its antiquity. The *Old Sarum* stood upon an eminence about three miles distant, and sends two members to parliament, who are, to this day, elected upon that spot, tho' at present there stands only a farmhouse. *Old Sarum* is esteemed one of the finest situations in the world; but the want of water induced the inhabitants, in process of time, to move into the valley where the city now stands.

Salisbury is not a well-built city, with regard to the elegance of the houses, but the streets are conveniently broad, and much distinguished for being regularly divided into right angles. The streams of the *Avon* are carried by small channels made with brick, through the streets,

and

and supply the inhabitants with water in the most commodious manner.

The close, or inclosure, round the cathedral is large and well planted, and adds an awfulness to this temple, the lofty and elegant structure of whose spire has been often mentioned with admiration. It is very small for its height, yet, I think, not so small as *St. Bride's* in *Fleet-street*, the top of which I have seen rock whilst the bells were ringing. The houses round the close are mostly of freestone, and make the best appearance of any in the city.

The air here is esteemed very wholesome, and the adjacent country has charms which give *Salisbury* the preference to most places in *England*. There are some people of fortune who have made choice of it upon this account, nor esteem it the less for being eighty miles from the capital.

Here are several manufactures, and the conflux of the *Avon*, *Willey*, and *Nadder*, would have made a navigation for small vessels from *Christchurch*, if the current had been less rapid

70 From SALISBURY to LANGFORD.

below the city. They now bring it within two miles of the town. *Adieu.*

LETTER XVI.

To Mrs. D***,

MADAM,

Monday, August 11.

WE were just on departure this morning, when you was bless'd with a sight of your honored friend Mrs. M***. You have reason to honor her for her good sense, and good humor, for which she is so much distinguished; and what higher joy can we receive, after a long absence, than to meet the eyes of those we love, especially if we are beloved by them? If to see others happy, in these instances, can give very quick sensations of pleasure, those which the parties themselves enjoy, with the same humane disposition, must be more affecting. But, alas, you hardly received your friend into your arms, before you was snatched away from her to pursue your journey.

Leaving

From SALISBURY to LANGFORD. 71

Leaving *Salisbury* we directed our course to *Langford* the seat of *Lord Folkestone*. This place lies three or four miles north-west from *Salisbury*, and the garden is watered by a branch of the *Avon*. It is situated upon a dead flat, consisting chiefly of a lawn; and a gravel walk, between a plantation of flowering shrubs, terminated by a little summer house. You observed that the river lies too open, the trees being thinly planted, and not affording any shelter from the sun, as we found by a painful experience, for it was then intensely hot.

The view of the adjacent country is most agreeable, being well wooded, and rising with a gradual ascent: indeed every spot in this country seems to have some peculiar charm.

The house is remarkable for being built in a triangular form: it is composed of many good apartments; and convenience with grandeur seem to be so admirably mixed, that one is rather tempted to envy the possessor for the comfort he may enjoy in it, than for the gratification of his pride or ambition.

72 From SALISBURY to LANGFORD.

The gallery contains many fine pictures, of which two, by *Lorraine*, are most distinguished; and tho' the cieling is hardly of sufficient height, it is a very pleasing as well as a grand apartment.

The chapel, at one corner, is an octagon, lined with wainscot; the windows being adorned with painted glass representing the several passages of our SAVIOUR's life, as contained in the creed.

In another corner is an octagon adorned with new tapestry, from the droll paintings of *Teniers*.

The chamber furnished with blue damask, and that with chintz, are both very agreeable; these seemed to strike you most; but I think, my lord has shewed no less taste in the apartments dressed with green, of which there are several furnished with different manufactures and various hues of this pleasing color. It is remarkable that all who see this house express their satisfaction with regard to its comfortable appearances.

Here

Here have been great sums laid out; the pictures in the Gallery it is said cost above eight thousand pounds. I think we were at no place treated with more politeness; and we must not forget the obliging manner in which we were invited to drink chocolate by the good house-keeper. I am yours, &c.

LETTER XVII.

To the same.

MADAM,

Monday.

FROM Langford we directed our course for the most part over delightful downs about twelve miles to Widgate. Here you beguiled the way with very interesting and affecting stories of your departed friends, how entirely they were reconciled to death.

It is a very different thing to "blazon the king of terrors with the tongue, and to see him with the eye." Those who have wrote or talked most familiarly on this subject have not therefore been the least afraid. A very little study has made complete philosophers of some,

some, when all the efforts of a long and laborious life have not accomplished this important business in others.

It is a bold thing to say, but I think there are more practical philosophers from habit of mind and pious resignation, of your sex, than of mine. Could a *Seneca* or a *Socrates* have behaved with more *fortitude* and *resignation*, or been more lovely in death, than Miss ******, who took her leave of this world, with as easy an indifference, as if she had been going to a ball?

I was much struck when I read *Shakespear's Henry VI.* I believe it is the king who attends cardinal *Beaufort* in his last moments, and says,

"Lord cardinal, if thou hast hope in heaven's
" joys

"Hold up thy hand! make signal of that hope—
"He dies, and makes no sign!"

Alas! how many of my acquaintance have I seen live in indolence; and, with respect to religion, die in stupidity! What can we expect? It generally happens as we live we die;

ex-

except that the unwelcome hour must sometimes bring with it dreadful fears. Dr. Young tells us,

"*Men may live fools, but fools they cannot die.*"

If men *live* without a *plan* and rule of life, they can hardly *die* with one. Without a steady principle of belief, reduced to action, we must expect as great confusion in thought, in *religious* concerns, through the whole progress of *life*, and in the finishing stroke by *death*, as in *secular* affairs of importance, where no regular method is observed in the conduct of them.

But this lady seems to have been regular throughout; her behaviour in the great article of death makes me think of Dr. Garth's notion, who mixed the philosopher with the poet and physician. He says,

"*To die is landing on some peaceful shore*" }
" *Where billows never beat nor tempests roar,*" }
" *Ere well we feel the friendly stroke, 'tis o'er.*" }
" *The wise through thought th' insults of death*" }
" *defy,*" }
" *The fool through blest insensibility.*" }
" 'Tis

*Tis what the guilty fear, the pious crave,
Sought by the wretch, and vanquish'd by the
“ brave.”
“ It eases lovers, sets the captive free,
“ And tho' a tyrant, gives us liberty.”*

We all pray and wish for length of days; we think it a blessing; and so it is when we live well. But he seems to bid fairest for happiness, who is most free from solicitude about the length of his life. Milton says,

“ Nor love thy life, nor hate,

“ But what thou liv'st, live well:

“ How long, or short, permit to beav'n.”

The youthful part of both sexes, as they are the least timid, seem to be also the least wedded to the world. Of all ages, those who are piously courageous may most properly be said to part with the world, not the world with them.

There is a pleasure, more easy to conceive than describe, in seeing others take their last farewell of this world in a graceful manner.

They appear with irresistible charms; charms which

which ought to make a *deeper*, as they make a better impression, than all the pride of youth or bloom of beauty. And since to this we must all come, let us consider our situation, and learn to make a true estimate of life.

“ *The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,*
“ *And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er*
“ *gave,*
“ *Await alike th’ inevitable hour,*
“ *The paths of glory lead but to the grave.*”

Miss Y***** lived longer than many who see their childrens children. We are told, by a very wise man, “ That honorable age is not that which standeth in *length of time*, nor that is measured by *number of years*; but wisdom is the gray hair unto men, and an *unspotted life* is old age.” Yet we seldom think we have lived long enough with regard to duration of time. Does this arise from the hopes of temporal felicity; the distrust that there is no happiness after death; or that we shall not arrive at the fruition of that happiness? From whatever cause it proceeds, we still thrust the fatal hour from us.

Seeing

Seeing there is in our nature so great a reluctance to die, we may plainly discover the indulgent care of providence in that mixture of fear, hope, and expectation, which are blended together, and which every thinking person feels, tho' it is very hard to describe. Mr. Pope says,

"To each unthinking being heaven, a friend,
"Gives not the useless knowledge of its end :
"To man imparts it, but with such a view,
"That whilst he dreads it, makes him hope it too.
"The hour conceal'd, and so remote the fear,
"Death still draws nearer, never seeming near.
"Great standing miracle that heaven affign'd,
"Its only thinking thing this turn of mind!"

Do we not generally indulge this turn of mind a great deal too much? Alas we neglect the medium, and convert that which is given us as a blessing into a curse. If this was not the case, could the frequent intimations of mortality; could the daily, I might say hourly remembrances, that it will be our turn soon, make so faint an impression, and so little enforce the duties of religion?

To learn how to die, is beyond all doubt the most important lesson of life : it is the great business of living. All affairs, which are interesting, we generally attend to with care and assiduity, especially if they promise any acquisition of fame, or riches, or pleasures. Into what can we resolve our neglect of the true and proper considerations of death ? We are always on the confines of eternity ; but when, to appearance, we are arrived on the very verge of it, what folly it is still to cling to earth, instead of striving to mount to heaven. There is but one way to correct this fatal mistake : " Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth." I am yours, &c.

LETTER XVIII.

To the same.

Monday,

THUS it is, MADAM : to-day we triumph in our transient existence, we think of joys to come, which we have no reason, from the past, to believe will ever arrive.

To-

To-morrow comes, and we fall ; we crumble into dust, which serves only to nourish the plant which men or beasts feed upon.

"Out, out short candle ! life's

"But a walking shadow, a poor player,

"Who struts and frets his hour upon the stage,

"And then is heard no more :

"A tale told by an idiot, full of

"Sound and fury, signifying nothing."

But can we lament that we are but creatures of a day ? That day lights us to eternity ! It leads us to those regions where we shall live forever !

The oftener we entertain the awful consideration of a future state, the more firmly persuaded we shall be of the reality of its existence. Not to *think*, is not to be a *man* ; and how can we think of *life*, without thinking of *death* also ? Death will give the finishing stroke ; it will blot with infamy, or crown with honor : there is but little reason to wish for life *without* probity of mind ; and *with* it there is no reason to fear death. Where the fear of death predominates, nothing worthy

the

the native greatness of the mind can be performed. It is a bar to every thing that is noble or generous ; whilst it shuts out all the joys which result from thought and reflection. Did we entertain a *real* abhorrence of sin, we should think of death as the entrance into life : and since this alone can puts us beyond the reach of vice and folly, the consideration of such a state must be pleasing to that mind which confides in GOD, and is afraid of no evil but *sin*.

But how shall we learn to think of death without *fear*? I will not say this is as easy as to think of wealth and titles without *ambition*, for that leads too far ; but it is certain, that fear is a very *painful* passion ; and for the same reason that we naturally fly from *pain*, we ought to study how to subdue the fear of death. If he in whose breast it predominates cannot be *happy* ; if it draws a gloom over all the *delights*, and even the *comforts* of life ; if *fear*, as it is emphatically expressed, “ betrays “ the succours which reason affords ;” shall we

countenance so painful, so unprofitable a passion ?

What then is to be done to enable us to march on calmly, deliberately, joyfully ? How shall we learn to meet this king of terrors with a *good grace* ?

“ *With terrors round, can reason hold her
“ throne,*

“ *Despise the known, nor tremble at th’ un-
“ known ?*”

That reason can do. That reason has often done. Give reason fair play, and as your passions become subservient to it, fear will vanish as unprofitable. We are indeed commanded to work out our salvation with *fear and trembling* : but fear is here considered as a passion of the mind implanted in our nature to make us watchful for our own preservation. The distinction is most obvious : a timid dereliction of spirit leads to *despair* : 'tis the reverse of that masculine firmness which religion demands of us. Cowards will die for *religion*, no matter how absurd the tenets of it. So far from fearing, in the sense of a servile passion,

the

the christian ought to *wish* for some glorious cause to give up life. Fear is *necessary* to check our presumption, and to create an awful reverence ; but it must not check our *hope* nor pious *confidence*. The distinction is the same as in sorrow. Christianity teaches us to be sorrowful for our sins ; and yet “*not to be sorrowful, as men without hope,*” is one of the prime admonitions of *christianity*.

Shall *avarice, ambition, love, revenge*, transport their votaries to a contempt of *death*, in the pursuit of their respective objects : and shall not *hope, religious hope*, inspire us with a noble *disdain* of life when it shall please heaven to grant it no longer? *Without* a reconciliation to *death*, nothing in *life*, as I have just observed, can be truly great ; and *with it* our minutest actions are glorious. Heathens have often smiled at death : wrapt up in the contemplation of the charms of virtue ; and trusting that there *might be* a just and merciful supreme disposer of all human affairs, they have met death as their friendly guide and happy deliverer. And will not the *christian*, “in

"sure and certain hope," fly to his great *Lord* and *master*, his *friend*, his *lawgiver*, his *Redeemer*, and his *GOD*?

And what will *fear* avail? to give us a thousand deaths instead of one?

"*An angel's arm can't save thee from the grave?*

But a steady resolution will support you: *hope* inspires, it infuses courage, it animates the glorious pursuit, whilst *reason* and *faith* unite their forces to subdue our enemies. 'Tis but to contend, with all your heart, you are sure of conquest. Cherish a confidence in him who *made* you, both worlds become your own, and *you* invincible. These thoughts occur to almost every thinking man: the great point is to give them their due weight, and carry them into *practice*.

As to our *fondness* for life, we see what it *is*, and what it *is not*. We cannot be completely happy here; we are always *wishing* for *something*:

"*Hope springs eternal in the human breast,*

"*Man never is, but always to be blest.*

"*The*

" *The soul uneasy, and confin'd from home,*

" *Rests and expatiates in a life to come.*

In the mean while *religion*, with words sweet as the voice of angels, breathes health to the soul in every sound; *religion* tells us it is impossible the *God of truth* can lie. And what has he said? If we will not *read*, or do not *comprehend*, can we forgive ourselves for such *neglect* or *ignorance*? From these books we shall learn that, upon the comparison of the *present* with the *future* life, we only begin to live, when we die; and whilst we enjoy the use of *reason*, for *reason* still must be our guide, shall we not prefer a better state to a worse, and boldly try the experiment which we must make? Religion teaches us to absorb our fears in *hope*; it teaches us to part with the body as one would part with an intimate friend, not without reluctance, yet with such patience and submission as the accidents of life require. We know what the condition of life is, as soon as we know that we are alive; and if we derive no support from religion, with respect to a future state, I am speaking as a believer in *Christ*,

we must not think at all ; all is *dark* and *intricate* !

If you tell your stories often to your own heart, they will not be dull, like a twice-told tale, but prove of the greatest consequence in teaching you how to die *well*. The example of one of our own *level* excites our *shame*, or raises our *emulation*. If “the thought of death “is the directing helm of life,” steer by it : heaven will open to your view : you will reach the port, without danger of being wreck’d on the shoals and rocks with which life abounds. This is not fashionable advice : but it is not therefore the less worthy your acceptance.

The *events* of my life teach me what is to be expected ; I hold *life* and *death* in a great measure indifferent. I hope to become a *better* man, and therefore I wish to *live* ; I may be a *worse*, and therefore I consent to *die*. A man’s true ambition should be to live a life of reason. In sickness or in health, with applause or contempt, let the world treat me *well* or *ill* ; whilst I live I ought to do all the service I can, to my friends, my country, and

man.

mankind. I expect no *return here*, but such as I have learnt to submit to, if I am disappointed in my expectation; but I *hope for favor* hereafter; not from any consciousness that I deserve it, but because I *strive* for it, and believe the mercy as well as justice of God is infinite. I have no clearer idea of infinite mercy, joined to infinite justice, than the goodness of the Creator, as exercised towards man, in the most important instance. I trust in that mercy and justice, through the merits of the *Redeemer* of mankind. This is my *creed* and *system*: for the rest, who can answer for his own constancy, or that he shall always act consistent with his own principles? But we must be watchful; we must endeavour to do it: *death* only can *secure us*!

I am indebted to you for this occasion of committing my thoughts to writing; and, in my present mood, methinks I could write over my *cell* the lines of a *French* author, with as little self-deceit, especially as I never had any considerable connections with the *great*, which seems to be the chief subject of his complaint,

"*Las d'esperer, & de me plaindre,*
" *De l'amour des grands, & du sort,*
" *C'est ici que j'attens la mort,*
" *Sans la defirer ni la craindre.*"

I feel a generous pride and comfort in the superiority which I enjoy, or which I would persuade myself I enjoy, that is not in the power of fortune to give, or take away; tho' alas these may be more easily diminished than increased, if the accidents of life should happen to call forth the *base* instead of the *noble* passions. And since it is beyond all dispute that life is very *short*, and very *uncertain*, let us think it the highest folly to act as if it was *long* and *certain*.

'Tis now many years since I perused doctor *Sherlock's* discourse on death: this is the book which ought to be read as the year goes round, by every one who can read at all, if they mean to meet *death* as a *friend*; I cannot be more *yours* than by recommending it.
Farewell,

LETTER

LETTER XIX.

To the same.

MADAM,

Monday.

THE inn at *Widgate* was not of the most elegant kind, but such is our happiness in this fertile island, we are ever secure against the terrors of hunger, tho' we cannot always enjoy a luxurious superfluity. I need not remind you of the simplicity of our food, nor the moderation of our meals. The philosopher complimented his friend, who entertained him the evening before at a simple repast, and thank'd him, that he had possessed his soul in tranquillity since that time, free from the dreadful effects of intemperance. I have heard it remarked, however, that those who have lived longest, have generally had good appetites, or, in other words, they eat more than a common quantity; and, the reason is plain; but how many die early by indulging their appetite, in eating and drinking too much, or of improper kinds? How many hurt

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hurt the faculties of their minds ? In a word, how many live and die *miserably*, when, by the power of temperance and moderation, they might enjoy a continual feast, in life and in death !

Leaving *Widgate*, we travelled over delicious downs, about twelve miles to the village *Gunville*, which leads to *Eastbury*, the seat of Mr. *Doddington*: it is a very large stately mansion, built of freestone: the area before the house is covered with two wings, which form the offices for the servants. The entrance is by a flight of steps near twelve feet high, into a grand portico supported by columns of near fifty feet; through which you enter into a very stately *saloon* highly decorated. Here are many grand apartments, and some very richly furnished; but there is an awkward clumsiness in some parts of it; at least it wanted elegance to please so common a spectator as myself. We may conclude that there is something in true taste, not dependant on opinion or fancy, but reducible to a *criterion*. Some places are universally applauded, some as universally

DESCRIPTION of GUNVILLE. 91

versally condemned; not that there are half so many have an opinion of their own, as pretend to it. Methinks when I am admitted to see a gentleman's house, gratitude forbids me to criticize: but I am not *qualified* for this invidious task; and what is more, I am rather pleased in my ignorance, than desire knowledge which may render me the less happy.

Besides the two stories of grand apartments, the *Attic* story is very neatly furnished; but I apprehend the cielings are too low, and will hardly bear the smoke of a candle in winter, or protect from the heat of the sun in summer.

The gardens seemed to please you as little as the house. The temple, which stands at the extremity of the lawn, opposite the back front, appears very heavy; and, tho' adorned with the busts of the most celebrated of the antient and modern poets and philosophers, gives no great idea of the taste of the founder of it. It must be acknowledged, at the same time, that the owner of this stately edifice may find in it comfort and delight: I dare say there is warmth

in

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in winter, and coolness in summer. I am sure there is cleanliness and grandeur. The situation is very agreeable; tho' the gardens are crowded.

The downs and plantations which belong to this house, they say take in seven or eight miles in circumference, and these constitute a very pleasing scene.

Night now drawing on, and curiosity satisfied, we proceeded further five miles, still travelling over downs, to *Blandford*. Sir *Charles Howard's* dragoons being here on their march towards *London*, you remember how difficult it was to find proper lodgings, and how many civil speeches were made by those who could do *nothing* for us. It is some alleviation of a misfortune to be treated with *gentle language*; one is naturally pleased with this exercise of humanity, whether it proceed from the heart or not. At length we were conducted safe to the *Red Lion*, where I wish you a good night. I am, &c.

LETTER

LETTER XX.

To the same.

MADAM,

Tuesday 12 August, 1755.

HOW precarious is human happiness ! You, who had meditated the enjoyment of drinking deeply of the waters of *Lethe*, and of burying, not your cares, for you seemed to have none, but all your thoughts in oblivion, was so cruelly interrupted before the dawn of day with the noise of a thousand giants mounted on elephants ! so they might appear in a *dream*; but indeed there were two or three troops of dragoons, who seemed to be no respecters of any persons, except their officers. It was mortifying; but have you not often slept since that time, many a long hour, as little to the benefit of your *health*, as this interruption of *sleep* might be ? This is a consideration to which few people give its proper weight : in spite of this accident your vivacity was not diminished, nor consequently the pleasure you gave your friends.

Bland-

Blandford is a pretty neat market town. It is built chiefly of stone, and in some measure obliged to the flames for its present elegance. We were now not above ten miles from *Pool*, and consequently yet within the scent of the sea, which adds to the softness of the air, and renders this a very healthy as well as an agreeable situation.

The church here is advantageously placed, near the centre of the town ; and, if we may judge from the tomb-stones, this town enjoys its share of good sense, with a little more skill in poetry than I had hitherto discovered. According to my usual entertainment before my fellow-travellers rise, I stroll'd into the church-yard : it is a pretty but common thought which I found there, in memory of a poor girl of sixteen, *Henrietta Maria Percy*, and not without instruction to those who have a mind to learn.

“ See from the earth the fading lily rise,

“ It springs, it grows, it flourishes and dies.

“ So

" So this fair flow'r scarce blossom'd for a
" day,
" Short was the bloom, and speedy the decay."

I am yours, &c.

LETTER XXI.

To the same.

MADAM,

Tuesday.

OUR chief business being the sight of agreeable objects, we were now directed to Mr. Portman's cliff, which is a little mile distant from *Blandford*. The mention of a cliff gave me immediately an idea of *Dover*, or the coast of *Suffex*; but this is of a far different nature. It is a hill planted in the modern taste, which is a simple and beautiful irregularity, with many stately trees. The fine turf and soft mossy walks, the easy decline in some places, and the steep descent in others, render the whole very delightful. It is already extended to a considerable distance, and designed to be carried in a semicircular form near two miles towards *Blandford*, a view of which is

presented to the eye. But what adds much to the charms of this place is the river *Stour*, which runs in sweet meanders in the valley below: upon the whole, it is one of the most superb and pleasing scenes of the kind I ever saw.

There is nothing remarkable in the house: it is new fronted, and makes an agreeable figure. Mr. *Portman*, has formed a plan for great improvement, for which there is sufficient room, both as to the order of the out-houses and the plantations. The whole space except the *cliff*, now lies rude and indigested.

From Mr. *Portman's* we were conducted, through his grounds, into the road to *Schaftsbury*; it lies for the most part over downs, affording many delicious prospects; rich flocks, and fertile valleys, beautified with plantations on every side, delighting the senses.

After travelling about fourteen miles further, we reached *Schaftsbury*. In this place are neither manufactures, nor gentlemens houses, the people subsisting by agriculture and pasture.

pasture. It is entirely built of stone, tho' it makes but a mean appearance. The situation is on a lofty hill: near the town is an agreeable walk, called the *Park*, from whence is a very extensive view of the adjacent counties of *Wiltshire* and *Hampshire*. Here it was I entertained myself with thinking on the pleasure of compassing the surface of the whole earth, as the eye now takes in objects within the distance of a few hundred yards; concluding that we *may* enjoy such capacities in a *future* state: indeed what is this power for *him* to communicate, who possesses immensity!— In this contemplation I forgot all earthly concerns, except my respect for you. *Farewell.* I am yours, &c.

P A R T II.

Ridicules a female fondness for animals and birds, and thence makes weighty reflections till we arrive at Stourton.

L E T T E R XXII.

*To Mrs. D****.*

M A D A M,

Tuesday.

WE were in the full enjoyment of an elegant repast at Shaftsbury, and as happy as sober people should ever be on such occasions, when we accidentally learnt the sad news that our friend Miss *****, whom, for her goodness of heart, we will call Cordelia, had lost her favorite Makako, and was in great tribulation on the occasion.

"What mighty ills from trivial causes spring!"

This is applicable to more cases than even wise men are aware of: but let the subject of distress be what it may, those who have hearts

hearts susceptible of a true sense of human misery will take their share in it. From whatever cause your sympathy arose, your countenance discovered a suspension of your happiness. I could not prevail on myself to weep, and it would be a violation of good manners to laugh. Farewell. I am yours, &c.

LETTER XXIII.

To the same.

MADAM,

Tuesday.

UPON my word, the business is of so interesting a nature, I am but ill qualified to give my advice : will you undertake to laugh *Cordelia* into good humour ? Tell her that, in antient times, *Dido*, whose picture she admires, killed herself when *Eneas* was so unkind as to run away from her. *Eneas*, she may have heard, was a rational animal with a beard ; *Makako* is an animal of instinct, somewhat resembling a man, with short ears. Both had their charms it is plain : *Eneas* was a very sad fellow for leaving so fine a lady ; *Makako* a

filly jacanapes for thus deserting his charming mistress. *Eneas* indeed was conducted by his mother *Venus*; and our *Makako* lived under the auspices of a terrestrial being, who is more amiable than the goddess, because she is adorned with innocence: her only guilt is an inordinate affection for a monkey: what pity 'tis she has any guilt at all! *Dido* was certainly very fond of *Eneas*, or she would not have been transported to this extremity: and how often has *Makako* been fondled by the fair hand of his mistress, and caressed in her very bosom!— Which of the two had the most cause for grief?

But if you cannot *laugh* her into good-humor, exercise all your lenient arts: teach her, if you can, to reserve her passions for nobler objects. It is true, *all* of us have our *foibles*: shall we not compassionate *Cordelia*? may not she whom so many of the graces attend, may not the good-natured *Cordelia*, shed tears for the loss of her monkey?

It is a very interesting consideration, not to this lady only, but to the *old*, as well as the *young*;

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young ; to men as well as women ; and to the people of every clime : it is what every day's experience teaches ; that the best way to subdue *one passion* is to set it at variance with *another*. 'Tis thus a great part of mankind are kept within bounds ; and hence arises, in a great measure, the beauty and harmony of life. It is hardly possible *Cordelia* can be totally devoid of the love of admiration ? What is more nourished in a young lady's breast, than the desire of being admired, if not adored ? Who dares say she is a *fool* ? They might as well tell her she is *ugly*. But you may warn her not to depart from her own principles. *Pity* and *contempt* follow as close at the heels of *folly*, as *praise* and *admiration* attend *good sense* and *discretion*.

If this doctrine is founded in reason and experience, *Cordelia* will not treat it with contempt ; nor will you despise this medley of jest and philosophy. I am yours, &c.

LETTER XXIV.

*To the same.**Tuesday.*

BUT, MADAM, great care must be taken with respect to the *manner* in which you give advice to *Cordelia*. If possible you must make your admonition *pleasing*, tho' she dislike the *subject* of it. Let it fall like *dew*; do not overwhelm her with a *shower*. If you tell her too much, tho' you tell it ever so well, she will not regard it; and if you repeat it often, she will think you gratify your inclination in *one* instance, as she may do hers in *another*. Convince her, above all things, that you have no meaning but what is directed to promote her *felicity*. But as this is so delicate a task, you must adapt your very *words* to her *taste*; your *voice* to her *ear*; your sentiments to her peculiar turn of thought; you must exert all your art to render your advice *acceptable*; that will be received

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ed kindly from you, who are so much nearer her age, and for whom she must needs have the greater regard, which, from me, might appear as philosophical arrogance.

To reconcile her the more easily to your admonition, remind her that a *spectator* often sees faults, which the *actor*, tho' superior in skill, does not discover in himself. I know you will shew more compassion for this young lady than my remarks *seem* to carry with them: make use of as *few* or as *many*, of them, as you please; only I beg you will observe, that as much a *philosopher* as I may pretend to be, I have too much wit to wage war with *all* the young ladies, or *old* ones either, who have *inordinate affections* for *monkeys*, *parrots*, or *lap-dogs*. Farewel. I am yours, &c.

LETTER XXV.

To the same.

M A D A M,

Tuesday.

I WILL confess, with the same honesty which always directs my pen, that I think a woman of sense may entertain some degree of affection for a *brute*; I do not mean a *human brute*, but a *dog*, for instance, which is a faithful animal, and preferable to a monkey, because a dog has no vile resemblance of the human species, as monkeys have. Most dogs are *fycophants*; but they are *faithful*, which is more than can be said of the generality of parasites of our species. They are useful too in some few instances.

The great fault seems to lie in the *degree* of esteem in which we place such objects; and the *manner* in which we express our humanity towards them. Add to this the *inconvenience* which arises from a great attention to them, either with regard to the abuse of our time; or the inelegance and vexation which arises

arises to ourselves, or to others. Some animals are of so nasty and mischievous a kind, that it is the most absurd *taste* imaginable to attempt to render them domestic.

But, to the honour of *lap-dogs*, this is not their case ! When under *proper discipline*, how greatly are they instrumental to the *felicity* of fine ladies ! and how happy are these to find an object to amuse their idle moments, and perchance to preserve themselves from the *danger* which always attends having *nothing to do*. But, alas ! the *best* things may be abused, and the kind intentions of Providence perverted ! Thus we sometimes see a fine lady act as if the *dog*, which happens to be under her precious care, was incomparably of more value, in her eyes, than a *human creature*, which is under the care of any other person, or peradventure under no care at all. From hence we may conclude, that an immoderate love of a brute animal, tho' it may not destroy a charitable disposition, must weaken the force of it. Where "the *milk of human kindness*," where the choicest powers of humanity prevail most,

there

there most care ought to be taken to find the proper object of them, lest this disposition, excellent and admirable in itself, should degenerate into a foolish and absurd tenderness, or an undistinguishing regard for the *noblest* and *vilest* of God's creatures.

We sometimes see instances, where cruelty is shewn to all the animated works of the ALMIGHTY, except half a dozen birds, and as many four-footed beasts. *Betty* and *John* are considered as inferior beings to *Tabby* and *Pompey*. The chicken is ordered for the *cat* or *dog*, by her who never thinks of giving a morsel of bread to relieve the hunger of a *man*. This is strange; but it often happens to those who permit their affections to take a wrong bias!

We are told that "a merciful man is merciful to his beast." This conveys a great deal more sense than we are generally aware of; and shews the contradictions there are in the character and conduct of nations, as well as private men. In *Great Britain* we compliment ourselves, and perhaps justly, with the
repu-

reputation of great humanity ; but the proverbial saying, " that *England* is the best country in the world for *women*, and the worst for *borses*," is often verified. With respect to the true *medium* of regard to the *brute creation*, the *kissing* of a *dog*, and the *driving* a *borse*, without an urgent necessity, till he drops down dead, seems equally absurd and ridiculous ; tho' the last is really in a high degree offensive to humanity, whatever those may pretend to, whose pastime is the *pain* and *mifery* of the *brute creation*.

To judge of things with *propriety* and *delicacy*, or in other words according to *reason* and *nature*, a man of taste and sentiment may look on a country girl milking a cow, with great complacency : we may allow his pleasure to be proportioned to her figure and beauty, because she is acting in character, and performing a useful office. But the same person will be *shock'd* to see a lady ravishing a *dog* with her *caresses* ; and the more distinguished she is for her personal charms, the more shocking she will appear. If it is in character for

a fine lady to do absurd things, a fine lady then is a foolish lady; which is a hard definition of that species of beings, who of all the visible creation are ambitious of being thought the most charming. *Adieu. I am yours, &c.*

L E T T E R XXVI.

To the same.

M A D A M,

Tuesday.

TO be entirely serious, neither dogs nor horses, monkeys, cats nor elephants, have been so much the objects of my thoughts, on this occasion, as immoderate grief for trifles.

To estimate things as they really are, is a lesson very hard to learn, and which few ever attempt. Incidents of this kind generally give occasion to satyr or ridicule; but, though it is not generally considered in this light, those who grieve for *imaginary evils* are much oftener objects of pity, than contempt: for whatever the subject is, the concern should be proportioned to the suffering. A wise man may shed tears *in measure*, for the death of his son.

And

And a young lady we see *will weep* for the elopement of her *monkey*. We may sympathize with the *one*, because he acts according to *nature*; and be sorry for the *other*, because she forsakes her *reason*.

There is a certain measure of grief due to *real* misfortunes, that adds a lustre to the brightest eyes, which have most power to charm when bathed in tears; and from the knowledge of this truth arises the counterfeit passion of grief, sometimes practised by the deceitful part of your sex. Sorrow, confined within its proper bounds, is one of the noblest passions of the soul; it is one of those sensations which lead men to relieve like heaven. Rain in season nourishes the earth, and generous tears refresh those for whom they are shed. But whilst such sorrow dignifies humanity, what shall we say, when the same external marks of affliction appear for *trivial* things? We must mourn that *rational* beings, subject to so many real calamities, can act so *irrationally* as to waste their grief, and torment themselves for objects of so little value.

But

But you must not pretend to *triumph* over this poor girl ; it may be your turn, or mine, 'ere long, to be vexed for trifles. Nothing is more common, than to see the most delicate of both sexes rousing from a drowsy repose, and calling up their fortitude, subdue the greatest calamities ; and yet those very persons are subject to be ruffled by the most trivial incidents. This truth is put in a very good light by a celebrated saying of the great prince *de Condé* : "No man," says he, "was ever esteemed a *hero* by his *valet de chambre*." Nor I believe many women *heroines* by their *filles de chambre*. But *true heroism* leads us to command ourselves in the *least*, as well as in the *greatest events of life*. Those who are never called to *great trials* may be equally acceptable in the sight of *God*, by discharging their duty in *little ones* ; and should, for this very reason, be watchful to acquit themselves *well*, and not become the *slaves* of their own *folly*.

We are apt to *forget* that we are *accountable* for every moment of our time ; for what we *say*, as well as what we *do*. Every petulant ex-
pres-

pression must be deemed a “foolish word;” and every immoderate transport of grief, especially for trifles, an “*inordinate affection*.” Mediocrity in all things is best. “Immoderate grief, or excessive joy, are equally unbecoming man that is born to die,” says Seneca, who was a *heathen*. But *christianity* has a thousand *charms*, to cure this sickness of the mind, more, perhaps, than either you or I ever thought of.

We ought indeed to keep our *sorrow* for our *sins*. Real calamities will have their tribute; but all the rest is productive of infinite mischiefs to *ourselves*, and for the most part very injurious to *others*. The important lesson which common sense, as well as religion and philosophy, teach, is to consider life itself as held by a precarious tenure, that when *night* comes we may throw it off, as a loose garment when we retire to *rest*.

Whilst you instruct your young friend, improve your own mind, as I enlarge mine by writing to you. Virtue is never unrewarded. You may laugh, or look serious, as you are disposed:

posed : our *ideas* are link'd together in a wonderful manner ; I began my xxii^d letter with a *monkey's* elopement from his mistress, and I end this with a reflection on *mortality*. The truth is, tho' fools and philosophers are near akin, there is an eternal difference between *folly* and *wisdom*; *misery* is the companion of the *one*, immortal happiness will crown the *other*. "He hath set *fire* and *water* before thee ; stretch forth thy hand unto whether thou wilt." *Adieu.* I am yours, &c.

LETTER XXVII.

To the same.

MADAM,

Tuesday.

FROM the consideration of female weakness, set in a very strong light, it is not unnatural to consider the different turn in the minds of men and women.

There is a pernicious self-complacency in the contemplation of their own charms, by which women, particularly if they are young and handsome, are often induced to *talk* and *act*, as

if

if they imagined there was a difference of sex in *souls*; or that the same *reason* did not preside in both sexes. Do you think there is really any *difference* in the original constitution, as appointed by the author of nature? We see indeed a very different turn of thought arising from education; and the objects the sexes are conversant with, even from the cradle to the grave, are very different. But whilst we reflect how much superior some are to others, in both sexes, we may also observe how great affinity there is in *souls*, and how naturally we court our like. With regard to the pleasures of the understanding, I have often observed that women of strong sense prefer the conversation of men, not however to the prejudice of the most amiable distinction. It is an excellent admonition, "If thou seest a *man* of understanding, "get thee betimes unto him, and let thy foot "wear the steps of his door." But to adapt the doctrine to a lady, you may call it a *woman* of *understanding*; I hope there are many such.

If what the poet says is true, you differ from men in a very essential point. According to him,

" Some men to business, some to pleasure take,

" But every woman is at heart a rake."

He did not mean surely that women are inherently more disposed to vice than men : but you love amusements more ; the duties of your lives dispose you to be less *thoughtful*, you are also more *gay* and *volatile* ; and as you delight in pleasures which are more lively, you are the more subject to err by the delusions of a lively imagination. Notwithstanding all this, and a great deal more which might be said, I will undertake to pronounce that you are not so much drawn astray by corruption of will. If you are less habituated to reason closely, you are more used to live well.

But men sometimes pretend that you have no principles ; that you are *active*, or *passive*, in every part of life, from *fear*, or *shame*, or *fashion* ; from *pride*, or such low motives ; that you do not consider what is *right*, but what will best support your *fame* or *vanity*. Is not this an effect of our arrogance ? " Out of the heart are the issues of life." And are your hearts less susceptible of good impressions ?

Hea-

Heaven deals its bounties with an equal hand : if we have *stronger heads*, you have *better hearts*. And what shall we say of your constancy, be it in love, in friendship, in prudence, in religion ? Here again for my own part I offer to compound the matter. But do women in general show so much virtue in friendship, or humanity for their own sex, as a man for his friend ? You are apt to be envious of *beauty* tho' in *poverty* ; and custom does not exact quite so much of *you* as of *us*. Men are said to excel women in *friendship*, as women do men in *love* : but your situations, in general, arising from the constitution of things, do not admit of exercising some virtues you are inclined to. From a native tenderness you are more disposed to *kindness*, than men : and allowing for those reserves which custom has established, I believe the woman of sentiment will show more steadiness and constancy in her regard for a man, than men of sentiment generally show for a woman. Nor is this all : you often excel us in sprightliness and fertility of imagination ; and more frequently enjoy

good understandings than you have proper opportunity to exercise, or than men are generally disposed to acknowledge. Tho' an *old woman* is often used as a phrase of contempt, yet the world seems also to be as much obliged to you in old age, as to old men, at least in *common life*; and we ought to show you *respect*, was it for no better reason than that you once were *young*.

As to the foolish and vicious part of both sexes, it is hard to draw any conclusions from their conduct. Were there fewer villains among men,

“ So many of your sex would not in vain,

“ Of broken vows and perjur'd man com-

“ plain.”

However, you must not complain of men only; complain of yourselves also: if there was more *true honesty, simplicity, and native goodness* of heart among *women*, there would be also more among *men*. In every country where the women are most *abandoned*, the men are most *wicked*. The truth is, custom and education have warp'd the affections of male and female.

female. The young reader of romances will assuredly think of lovers more than she ought ; but how seldom do we hear of such generosity in love, as well wrote romances teach ?—You may retort this upon us, if you please ; and I will grant that *money*, with the *pride* and *vanity* that generally attend it, have, in some measure, extinguished that *steadiness* in the cause of virtue, that *nobleness of sentiment* which men often boast of. As the case now stands, reproaches on either side are no great proofs of understanding. GOD made both male and female equally dependant on each other for their happiness : he made them *noble* creatures, let them be careful not to deform themselves, or be guilty of the sin of thinking meanly of so excellent a part of the creation as themselves : happy are they, when once *united*, if they shun *domestic broils*, and do not convert the *blessings* of heaven into *misery* and *destruction*.

There is another circumstance which I think of great moment to be observed in this enquiry. The equality of men and women would cer-

tainly be brought much nearer, and produce many happy consequences, if women were taught from their infancy to lay aside their *puerile fears* and *fantastic inquietudes*. These often prevail in a woman's breast, as if they were distinguishing marks of *female charms*, and essential to your happiness, whereas quite the contrary is true. Such a disposition might be easily subdued, without destroying your delicacy. *Fortitude* is generally represented in the figure of a woman, tho' not of the most tender frame; but it has really no sex, the possession of it is the prerogative of rational beings, and adds a brighter lustre to female charms, than all the diamonds which *India* or *Brazil* ever produced.

Is it the fault of men, that women are not in general better instructed? That more care is not taken in *female education* certainly arises from a capital neglect in men, in not attentively considering that you are *half the species*, and have *half the government of the world*, tho' it does not appear so to vulgar eyes. Men frequently forget that both sexes are entirely under

der your care and tutelage in the dawning of reason, when impressions are the most lasting. Of all the follies my sex is guilty of, this seems to be one of the greatest; to acknowledge your *superiority* over us in *infancy*, and in *childhood*; to confess your power over our *passions* in *youth*; to feel the bias of our *affections*, at every period of life, and yet to be negligent in forming your minds!—'tis a capital fault indeed. If you were taught to be *more like men*, in understanding, you would certainly teach men to be *less like women* in the folly and vanity which your want of instruction first occasions, and consequently you would repay our labor abundantly, and make mankind happy in spite of human frailties. *ADIEU.* I am yours, &c.

LETTER XXVIII.

To the same.

MADAM,

Tuesday.

IN comparing the learning and more extensive knowledge of men, with the delicacy in manners as well as *person*, which is the characteristic of an amiable woman, our great poet Milton observes, that what she says, or does,
 " *Seems wifest, virtuousest, discreetest, best.*"
 Thus it seems indeed to men who receive impressions of her charms : but whilst men possess their reasoning faculties women will appear, if not exactly what they are, yet certainly *not amiable*, when they are foolish or wicked.

In the idea of external charms, *beauty* must be considered with respect to the *body*, what *virtue* is to the *mind*; it is *external virtue*; yet nothing is more perishable; a winter's wind, or a summer's blast, oftentimes destroys it in an instant. You remember the common maxim,

" *All*

"All flesh is frail, and subject to decay,

"And fairest lilies soonest fade away."

This being so very true, and so very apparently the case, she who makes a higher estimation of beauty than it deserves, will probably find herself mistaken in the issue.

On the other hand *virtue*, which is justly called *internal beauty*, never fades; it springs, it blossoms, and the nearer it approaches to maturity, the higher pleasure it receives and gives. If we cultivate and improve the soil in which it grows, its charms will become every day more engaging, at least to those who see with virtuous eyes. But however virtue may pass unobserved here, "where we see as through a glass darkly," we shall certainly carry it with us into the regions of immortality, there to shine in glory amidst myriads of blessed spirits, and attract the applause of angels.

We are to observe further, that the admiration of beauty often dies away, by being familiarized to the eye, even before it decays. Have you ever observed a woman enamoured

of

of her own beauty, without giving some proof of deformity or weakness of mind? And are not those constantly exposed to *danger*, in whom the love of *admiration* becomes their *ruling passion*? The reason is plain: the body and mind are such distinct objects, differing as essentially as spirit and matter; the care and solicitude employed about the first hardly ever fails to hurt and injure the last.

Those who think of making their fortune by their beauty, think of little beside. Hence it sometimes arises, that the most homely sister in a family has more *virtue* and *understanding* than the greatest *beauty* in it: not so much from any cause in the organization of the body, as from the neglect of the mind. Happiness, as I have said, is more equally divided than we generally apprehend. The beauty, which is so much admired, is for the most part severely taxed. *Great beauties*, like *great princes*, seldom hear *truth*: and how many good *heads* have been *turned*, and good *hearts* *perverted*, by the dangerous adulation to which beauty is exposed! Beauties often pervert their own

own ends: they mar their *happiness* if not their *fortunes*. I believe it is Dr. Swift who observes of them, that they are generally so busy in laying *snares*, they seldom think of making *cages*. Their *power over men*, which they observe to be derived from their beauty, is apt to make them forget to exercise the power which GOD has given them *over themselves*, in the use of their own reason. It must be acknowledged, however, that there are exceptions to this general observation, for some, from the very *ambition* which the consciousness of superior beauty raises in their breast, are assiduous in acquiring such accomplishments as will set them in the fairer point of view. It is the greatest proof of a superior understanding, when you think justly on this subject; and there are few women for whom this *lesson* is not much too *bard*.

As the triumphs of beauty are of short duration; and as it is apt to do as much mischief as good to mankind, the stronger reason arises from hence to improve the charms of piety and constancy; the charms of sense and reason;

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reason ; the charms of gentleness and truth ; in a word, the superiority of virtue over all external advantages ; even over this mutable and perishable though much admired appearance. You remember Mr. Addison calls *beauty* a set of features, and the tincture of a skin : to analyse it, is too delicate a task for me, but let her who is *wise*, and desires to be *happy*, prefer what the poet recommends,

“ *Inward greatness, unaffected wisdom,*
“ *And sanctity of manners.*”

Winning modesty, and attractive smiles, will follow of course ; and from hence will arise that persuasive gentleness which softens the rigour of mens austerer virtue. 'Tis thus the power of your sex might become of yet greater importance to yourselves, and to men also, than it now seems to be ; since, without injuring external beauty, or the power of it, which are gifts of nature, from whence you can derive no merit, you will add charms which are yet more intrinsically valuable.

But it is not of beauty alone, of which women are apt to take unwarrantable advantages ;

when

when you find your wisdom and knowledge inferior to that of men, you are often tempted to practise the little arts of *cunning* : with the foolish or vicious part of mankind, and sometimes with the wise and virtuous also, these devices answer your *purposes*. But you will grant, that she deceives *herself* who departs from truth : she eclipses those charms which ought to be admired ; and in the issue renders herself *detestable*.

If gentleness and *kindness* ; if *truth* and *honour* ; if protection from all harm ; if every thing the world calls *polite*, are expected from the man, it is presumed to be your due, as the reward of *virtue*, without which there can be no *merit*. She who expects these advantages, on any other terms, must first put a man's eyes out, or lead him a dance till he is giddy.

When *Milton* makes the angel show our great progenitor, in a vision, the complicated miseries which should happen in the world, *Adam* remarks,

“ — Still I see the tenor of man's woe

“ Holds on the same, from woman to begin.”

The angel rebukes him, and says,

“ From

"From man's effeminate slackness it begins."

Yet with Milton's leave whatever vice or folly arises from the influence the sexes have on each other, fools of their own making are, I think, less pardonable than those who become such by an immediate consequence of that influence: but this does not alter the *nature* of guilt or folly. The argument, which of the sexes is most to blame, for the follies they commit, or the crimes they fall into, is ridiculous: the discontented on both sides are apt enough to reason as if mankind were in a state of war, and the *sexes* had a right to make reprisals on each other for injuries committed. This has carried many to sad extremities: they have not been sensible of the absurdity of the doctrine, till they felt the fatal consequences of it. We may rest satisfied that no man, or woman, can be truly amiable *without* virtue, nor any contemptible *with* it.

Farewel.

LETTER XXIX.

To the same,

MADAM,

Tuesday.

THE next subject was matrimony, upon which it was observed, that among the thousand different ways in which happiness is pursued, lavish encomiums are often bestowed on the wedded state: but does experience warrant a belief that there is no intermediate condition between the *bliss of good spirits*, and the *torments of the bad*, in this state? The inconsiderate part of mankind think matrimony celestial or infernal, as they see married persons happy or miserable; but a very little reflection would convince them of their mistake: it is *men* and *women* who are heavenly-minded, or diabolical. The institution in itself is of vast importance: christianity cannot stand without it; nor can the common *liberty* and *rights* of mankind subsist without some contract which shall be equally binding to both sexes: yet if avarice, or ambition, even love unguided by

pru-

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prudence, or any other passion, are the cause of engagements which are not consistent, we must not lay it to the charge of the institution. But here also the laws of GOD, and of the land have provided for our security : no more is required than in all other cases, a *pious resignation* to our *condition*, whilst we make up for the deficiency of one *pleasure*, by another ; I mean so to cultivate *reason*, as to raise our sense of *duty*, in proportion as our *affections* flag.

And which do you think is most easily reformed, a vicious man by a virtuous woman, or the contrary ? By vice, I mean every defect of mind, or corruption of heart. Women are generally most disposed to piety ; and, when kindly treated, give the strongest proofs of native ingenuousness ; whence I conclude, that notwithstanding man's boasted pre-eminence, your defects are most easily corrected : the very superiority which we claim, renders us impatient of control.

Hence you may discover the indulgent care of providence ; for even the subjection of which women inconsiderately complain, is generally

con-

conducive to their happiness. Your felicity arises chiefly from your subjection; and it is no paradox to say the same of your power. "As the climbing of a sandy way to the feet of the aged, so is a wife *full of words* to a quiet man.—But if there be kindness, meekness, and comfort in her tongue, then is not her husband like other men!" This conveys the strongest sense of a man's happiness, whose wife has tender affections, good sense, and a virtuous mind. She who makes the trial with sincerity, may easily find the meaning of the words, and the weighty instruction contained in them. But in our days, men set out upon principles which will by no means bear an examination. It is presumed that very little or no virtue is to be found, therefore provision for those pleasures which money can purchase, is the first object. Either we are not taught what we owe to GOD and our neighbour; religious and domestic duties are neglected; or our parents, mistaking *external parade* for *happiness*, seek after the greatest fortunes, be the appendages of them what they

may; they teach us the very lesson which the greatest part of mankind learn, in spite of all the care which the wise and virtuous take to prevent it.

In the mean while the laws of GOD and *nature* are invariable, and we can never beat out an *artificial* happiness whose pleasures compensate for the neglect of *nature*, tho' the *taste* may become so depraved as hardly to leave any vestiges in the mind, of the lesson which *nature* teaches. I have read many beautiful passages on this *subject*; in every writer of eminence one finds some, with regard to men as well as women. I recollect one more which seems to be of great force, because it is very natural: "Where no hedge is, there the possession is spoil'd; and he that hath *no wife*, will wander up and down *mourning*." It often happens that the *unmarried* are unhappy, they know not why; whilst the *capricious* in taste, *inconstant* in temper, or vicious by inclination, are reformed by wedlock. And as we may with great propriety say, blessed is *she* who converteth a *sin-*

ner to repentance, I think we may add, curs-
ed is he whose carelessness or folly induces his
wife to go astray.

Whatever our state or condition may be ;
how keen soever our pursuit of happiness ; how
infinitely diversified our *opinions* on which our
felicity so much depends ; and how contra-
dictory soever our *practice* may be to such *opi-*
nions : so long as we have senses to distinguish
light from *darkness*, or *bitter* from *sweet* ; so
long as we have a ray of reason to distinguish
truth from *falshood*, or *joy* from *anguish* and
perturbation, we must come back to our text,

" *That to be good, is to be happy.*

" *Angels are happier than men, because*

" *They're better. Guilt is the source of sorrow,*

" *'Tis the fiend, th' avenging fiend,*

" *That follows us behind with whips and*

" *scourge :*

" *The blest know none of this, but rest*

" *In everlasting peace of mind, and find*

" *The height of all their heaven is goodness."*

You see, MADAM, I learn my morality
from poets as well as divines, and have my

ears open to instruction in a playhouse as well as in a church: but as we cannot be quite so *good*, we must be contented if we are not quite so *happy* as *angels*. Let us keep in view the glorious rewards of virtue, nor suffer our enjoyment of a small portion of felicity, if a large one is not our lot, to dishearten us in the pursuit. The time will very shortly come, when the seeming inequality amongst mankind will be settled. *Farewell.* I am yours, &c.

P A R T

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P A R T III.

From our arrival at Stourton to Stockbridge races, with several weighty reflections.

L E T T E R XXX.

*To Mrs. O*****.*

M A D A M,

Tuesday.

OUR next object in view was *Stourton*, the seat of Mr. *Hoare*. The road to it from *Shaftsbury*, by heaths and narrow lanes, was not the most agreeable to us, who had so lately travelled over the sweet downs of *Wiltshire*. The distance is about ten miles; but the house, being situated on a high ground, soon presents itself to view. Passing through *Mere*, we arrived in the evening at this delightful place, which is sometimes called *Stourhead*, from its being near the head of the river so named.

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Here

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Here it was our happiness to be again indebted to you for an introduction to Mr. *Hoare*, his daughter, and nephew, who received us with that agreeable politeness and hospitality, which did justice to their own characters, whilst it gave us the highest pleasure.

This house is built of stone pretty near a square; not very large, yet the exterior part has an air of grandeur, which is heightened by the eastern front having a double flight of stone steps supported by ballusters. The furniture and disposition of the rooms appear comfortable, as well as grand and agreeable. Contrary to the absurd custom which prevails in this our very inconstant climate, I observed the stone floor of the hall is covered with a thick *Turky* carpet, by the assistance of which it is rendered very habitable even in the winter.

The saloon has something peculiar; it pleases extremely, by having, at once, all the charms of a grand apartment, and all the comfort of a small one. I was struck with the propriety of it, without knowing the reason, till

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till Mr. *Hoare* bid me take notice that there is but one door into it, tho' it is sixty feet long, thirty broad, and thirty in height. It is adorned with eight capital pictures, most of which appear to be painted by the first masters, representing

Hercules attended by wisdom.

The daughter of Herodia, with the head of John the Baptist.

The death of Dido.

The judgment of Apollo.

Venus and the three Graces.

The rape of Hellen.

Andromeda chain'd to a rock.

King Charles and his three children.

The *Florence boxes*, placed on the marble tables, in this saloon, deserve great notice: they are set with many curious, and with some costly oriental stones.

In the drawing-room is a cabinet supported by a rich frame or pedestal, which I understood was once the case of an organ. This cabinet formerly belonged to pope *Sextus V.* The effigies of this pope, and the *Peretti* fa-

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mily, from whom one of his nephews descended, are taken from the life, and set in the cabinet in round recesses, with glasses before them, in order to preserve them. The last of this family was a nun, who left the cabinet to a convent in *Rome*, where Mr. *Hoare* made a purchase of it, the whole is a great curiosity, and of high value. In this apartment are also many excellent paintings of the first masters. Within this is a smaller room, which is also a cabinet of pictures.

You remember in the apartment we first entered, I believe it is on the west side of the house, the curious piece of plate, in relief, which was placed over the table at the upper end of the room, and served as a rich ornament. Over the chimney-piece of this room, is a good picture of the interior part of *St. Peter's* church at *Rome*, and coloured exactly from it. I need not mention the library, which is well furnished, and a comfortable apartment: nor can I say any thing of several other rooms which I did not visit, *Farewel.* I am yours,
E.C.

LETTER

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L E T T E R XXXI.

To the same.

MADAM,

Tuesday,

I AM never half an hour in a fine house in the country, without impatience to walk into the open air. The most costly carpets of *Perfia*, with plafonds enriched with the labours of the greatest masters, have no joys equal to a grafts-plat, and the azure canopy of the heavens. But here the groves and lawns called us abroad with all the blandishments of the most inviting pleasures. The lawn in the west front falls with an easy decline into a valley where stands the small village of *Stourton*, the prospect of whose steeple, tho' in *repair*, has almost as good an effect as a *ruin*. On the brow of this hill is a walk, of considerable extent, of the softest mossy turf, bordered on each side by stately *Scotch* firs of Mr. *Hoare's* own planting, about four-and-twenty years since; these, as well as the wood behind them, are rather too thick set. This noble broad

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walk is terminated by an obelisk one hundred and twenty feet in height, built on the highest ground; it has a *mythra*, or sun, of six feet diameter, in gilded copper, at the top. This obelisk is divided from the garden by an *baba*; but the view of the sheep feeding at the foot of it, has as delightful an affect as if there was no such separation.

Upon the same brow of the hill, below this fine walk, are several irregular walks of different breadths leading into the valley. These are covered by stately trees, and receive the most heightened charms by a very large piece of water at the bottom, on which there is a very pretty boat. You will remember it the longer by the female rower, whose vivacity induced her to try her skill: it was not one of the least pleasing adventures of the day. We made a coasting voyage on the little enchanting ocean, where we discovered several little islands, which are either planted or covered with rocks, uninhabited except by the feathered kind. This piece of water is also rendered the more charming, by a light wooden bridge

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bridge of one arch; another of more cost and beauty is intended to be built, to serve as a communication with the opposite side.

After passing the bridge, the ground is steep and lofty, and covered with wood: a narrow path at the bottom of it leads to the grotto of the nymph, which is formed in rude rock-work, almost level with the water. Here is a marble basin of pure water, which is made use of as a cold bath. In the interior part of the niche, over the basin, is a marble statue of a sleeping nymph, to whom this grotto is dedicated: she is covered with a light garment, which hardly conceals her limbs. At the foot of this bath is a marble slab, with these lines, from our celebrated Mr. Pope, which are admirably adapted to this pleasing gloomy scene;

"Nymph of the grot, these sacred springs I

"keep,

"And to the murmur of these waters sleep:

"Stop, gentle reader, lightly tread the cave,

"Or drink in silence, or in silence leave."

If my passions should ever betray me, as
story says those of a much wiser man than myself

self

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self once seduced him, methinks I should sooner turn *idolater* of a *living woman*, than of a *dead one*. But if the object must be made of wood or stone, the work of mens hands, fondly suppos'd to represent some superior agent, it should be a *nymph* like this, arrayed in native innocence, seated by the pure waters of a subterraneous bath; not the filken rob'd *lady*, array'd with ribbands, crowns, and perriwigs. How often have I seen the statue of the *pious virgin*, placed in lofty grandeur, in solemn temples, hail'd with anthems of celestial music, but dressed out in gaudy colors, as if she had been a harlot, whose prostitutions they meant to commemorate !

From the grotto of the nymph, we proceeded to that adjoining, which is sacred to the river-god *Stour*, and to him inscribed by some latin verses. Here he sits in gloomy, awful majesty, in a very natural attitude, with one of his legs in a pure basin of water: this grotto is formed in rock-work, and arched with the same material, at the foot of a steep hill covered with trees, which look venerably antient. The statue is of lead.

As

DESCRIPTION of STOURTON. 141

As one advances, upon a more open and rising ground, under the hill, is the temple dedicated to *Hercules*. This is a rotunda or pantheon, calculated to receive in the center a pedestal of about three feet high ; and the figure of this heathen deity is about eight. It is a beautiful piece of marble-work, and weighs about eight tuns : the ingenious Mr. *Rybrack*, after ten years labor, has at length finished it.

Perhaps I should first have mentioned the temple of *Ceres*, which is on the side of the water nearest to the village. This building has a portico supported by columns. Here is the figure of the goddess, with her proper emblems, standing in front as you open the door. On each side are two commodious seats, which are made in imitation of the pulvinaria, or little beds which were placed near the altar at the time of sacrifice, and on which the pagans were wont to lay the images of their gods in their temples. Eight or ten feet below, level with the water, in a subterraneous grotto, is another figure of the river god.

Here

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Here we ought to contemplate not only what delights, but what does not shock. In this delicious abode are no *Chinese* works; no monsters of imagination; no deviations from nature, under the fond notion of *fashion* or *taste*: all is grand, or simple, or a beautiful mixture of both.

Mr. *Hoare* has formed his plan for extending his walks upon the brow of the hill, through his park for near five miles. By this means he will take in several of the delightful views which *Dorsetshire*, *Wiltshire*, and *Somersetshire* afford: these counties all meet in his grounds. Part of *Hampshire* is also to be seen, and contributes its share to heighten the charms of this august and captivating scene. I wish I was qualified to give you a description equal to the merits of it. *Farewel.* I am yours, &c.

LET.

LETTER XXXII.

To the same.

MADAM,

Tuesday.

IF we heighten our enjoyment of *this world*, by the pleasing expectation of a *better*, we may pass from the *serious* to the *gay*, or from the *gay* to the *serious*, with all the freedom and ease of the most accomplished courtier. Upon this principle you will easily reconcile yourself to the *medley* of both worlds contained in these *epistles*. Indeed we are so compounded of *body* and *soul*; so *mortal*, and so *immortal*, we can never arrive at a right knowledge of the *present* life, without reflecting attentively on a *future* state. Whatever our *present* joys may be, they arise in a great measure from the *hope* of *greater*; and after all our care and solicitude we still find the most pleasing, and the highest object of *hope*, is ever-lasting felicity.

Among other gratifications we may freely indulge ourselves in, those whose hearts are
strangers

strangers to envy, rejoice to see a man blessed with the goods of fortune, and dispensing them with a liberal hand.. Mr. Hoare declares, by his countenance, his address, and manners, the benignity of his mind. He has seen the great world abroad, as well as at home; and this gives him a certain ease and freedom, without which it is impossible to discover the true art of living.

One of the misfortunes which attends rich men, and to which those who are not oppulent are strangers, is to be exposed to the intrusion of crouds of company: the rich must show their grandeur; and consequently, often receive many they do not choose to be at the trouble of entertaining, and many more, whom it cannot be imagined they esteem. Nothing can be more pleasing than the intercourse of honest minds in polite life, tho' it should sometimes be attended with a little noise and hurry; but a great noise and hurry, and a great expence too, without harmony of sentiment, would almost make one wish to be poor, to be delivered from it. Mr. Hoare is liberal without

without prodigality, and charitable without ostentation. These virtues grace his fortune, and give real charms to his wealth.

I could not help thinking, on this occasion, that the true grandeur of *England* is in the country: this is the proper scene, for those who do not hold the helm of state, to display great talents in cultivating the *arts of peace*. We have already improved even our roads so much, that they appear in many places as avenues to gardens; and indeed our fields and meadows are, in many places, rendered superior in beauty to those gardens where formerly great cost and labour were bestowed.

One essential part of the riches of a nation consists in good buildings, whether in towns, villages, or farm-houses; and in this delicious island, there is also a great number of magnificent edifices. As domestic comforts alleviate the toils of the field, clean, well-built, and commodious habitations contribute much to the easy passage through life. Clean cloaths, wholesome diet, and sweet rest, are the rewards of honest industry; the wealthy can

enjoy but little more. But if families increase fast; if skill is wanted; or if the seasons are unkind, what a happiness it must be to that landlord who delights in the welfare of mankind, to relieve the honest and industrious tenant.

How regular, moral, and happy, might the lives of men be rendered, were half the labor and expence bestowed upon generous and useful improvements, in the country, that is squandered in costly entertainments and rich apparel. But this is certain: the more virtue and industry prevail, the more the face of the country will be improved; and the more pleasure it will afford to men of true taste and fortune, who, whilst they cultivate the delights and advantages of a rural life, may improve their morals also. And tho' this poor nation is governed so much by *fashion*, and so little by reason, it may be hoped the time is near when it will be less fashionable to make journeys to town; and I cannot help thinking, that the more we abstain from the pomp and vanity which prevail in great cities, the more it will abridge

expences, and weaken, if not destroy, the power of corruption over mens minds, which bids fair to plunge us all into total ruin.

The assembling so vast a number of people as *London* contains, is confidered by many as a *political disease*; it has been often observed, that it swells the head out of proportion to the body. It certainly does not promote *virtue*; and it makes us forget that there is scope in the country to exercise the most *fertile* genius, without our *preying* on each other. Agriculture is the most antient, and most honourable of all employments: and as grain and pasture are the true sources of commerce, the means of improving and augmenting them are worthy the study of men of the noblest minds and best education, for the happiness of their country in general, as well as the advantage of their particular property and estates.

We ought, however, to cast an eye of pity on those who are betrayed by their vanity, to live more *expensively* at their country seats, than some *sovereign princes* in their palaces. The proper *subjects* of the man of fortune, in the

country, are his tenants : is he ambitious of being truly great, let him seek *their* happiness? the greatness derived from hence would widen the fields of true ambition, whilst fewer competitors for *power* would be found in the courts of princes, and consequently there would be fewer corroding passions to imbitter their lives, and mix their own, and the peoples joys, with sorrow. *Farewel.* I am yours, &c.

LETTER XXXIII.

To the same.

MADAM,

Wednesday 13 Aug. 1755.

AS I was rambling in the fields, before the family was stirring, I met a *farmer*, who mistaking me for Mr. *Hoare*, saluted me with the appellation of *good sir!* This is a common phrase, but the *halt* he made, and the air with which he uttered these words, gave me great pleasure ; I thought it was a proof of the *sincerity* of his heart; and of the *high sentiments* he entertained of his *landlord*.

Whilst

Whilst I was ruminating on this subject, I could not help enquiring of my own heart, why men even of understanding, so seldom find reasons to make themselves happy with small fortunes as well as with large ones? Nothing is more indubitable than this:

“ Reason’s whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
“ Lie in three words, health, peace, and competence;
“ And health consists with temperance alone,
“ And peace! O Virtue! peace is all thy own.

But here the poet does not tell us what *competence* is, about which mankind are so much divided, concluding that as *peace* is the reward of *virtue*, contentment must go along with it: and he that is contented has a competence, or something better than a competence; for many have this in the common sense of the word, and yet are not contented.

I always understood that a *common soldier* of a sober character might live upon sixpence a day, and feel no pain of body or mind arising from his having no more; and therefore that

sixpence a day is *bis competence*. To me, a clean room, clean cloaths, plain food, independence, with the command of myself, of walking in the open fields, in fine weather, is competence. If to these *bealtb* is added, with some opportunities of doing good to my neighbour, it is more than competence; it is *virtuous indulgence*. And as the kindness of providence is shewn in the wonderful effects of *custom* and *habit*, the deprivation even of some of these, without deviating into a *stoical indifference*, might not deprive me of the means of happiness,

Equipage, table, and dress, are things for the sake of which men often commit very foul actions. I am sometimes at the expence of horses to draw my chariot, and there are certain occasions when I am glad to have a vehicle attend me; but I enjoy most *bealtb*, most *spirits*, most *freedom* and *ease*, most *independence* of the *caprice* of servants, when I *walk*. Besides the *distress* of being tossed from one side to another, and the disorders I always feel from being shaken on a bad pavement, together with

the rumbling of wheels, I gratify my *pride* also; for when I see my *Lord Duke* lolling with a swelled paunch, or unhappy in his gouty legs, incapable of walking, I consider myself as his superior, in one of the most essential articles of a happy life, and perhaps *his Grace* thinks so too. For the same reason when I see a young woman of a pleasing form, with more than a plebeian air, *walking* in the streets, I consider her as superior to most *fine ladies*, in this respect, that put her *into* a coach and she can ride, but take the fine lady *out* of it, and she *cannot walk*. The *first* may accommodate herself to a small expence; the *last* may tempt her husband to sacrifice his honor, to gratify her vanity. This is not always the case; but false notions concerning the advantages of riches, and *mistaken opinions* with regard to *superiority*, lead millions astray from their duty to GOD, themselves, and their neighbour.

When I see a suitor at a great man's levee with shoes which denote his having no equipage, I am apt to think he will not be so easily induced to prostitute his conscience *in office*, or

out of it, as he who is used to be drawn by six horses, and fondly imagines that happiness consists in an expensive parade. He who wants but little can never be much disappointed.

Occasionally I dine at a city feast, or a courtly splendid table; but I find no repast equal to that of a dish or two, with the unreserved discourse of those I love, without being tied to my chair for a longer time than I choose. The pleasure of *temperance* in eating and drinking are so incomparably beyond that of *excess*, he who does not know this ought to be sent to *school*, to learn the first principles of human knowledge.—Well then, without amusing myself with any fond conceits, do you not think, that I, who am not rich, have notwithstanding great reason to be satisfied?

Dress is another article which renders riches the object of many a woman's, and many a man's attention. It is apt to make little hearts flutter in a presumption that they derive a distinction from it, which renders them *respectable*, or *lovely*, or *venerable*. As mankind are taken so much with *appearances*, there is good

good policy sometimes in a *handsome* or genteel dress; and yet if sensible persons examine what passes in their own minds, with regard to the dress of others, and the little consideration it is of, they would check their *solicitude* on account of it. As things are constituted, splendid entertainments and rich clothing, for persons of distinction, and upon certain occasions, are become in some degree necessary, tho' the one is apt to embitter life with diseases, and shorten the true period of it; whilst the other, when carried to any great height, is but a *gay incumbrance* fit only to be carried abroad in a coach for other people to gape upon.

I call no man *happy*, who courts another's favor, with a view to a pecuniary emolument which he can do without; and I think every man is *poor*, who cannot *live*, in a manner supportable to himself, without such a dependance. Yet if we take mankind as they are, and are moderate in our expectations, there is as great pleasure in *asking* of those we love and honor, as in not fearing those we neither love nor honor. Next to this, is *asking* with that sort of indif-

indifference which constitutes a determined resolution, not to sacrifice a certain pleasure, which is in our own power, to an uncertain pleasure, dependant on the power and inclination of another man. We are still apt to go in search of something, uncertain what the event will be, if we acquire it; and after all the bustle which mankind make to grasp at riches, as it is pretended, only to acquire a competence, such competence can be estimated only by the moderation of our desires, and not by the largeness of our fortunes.

Men differ in their notions of things as their fortunes, their understandings, or their experience differ; but still the love of ease is as natural to the mind, as sleep is to the body; and whether in riches or in poverty, both must be exercised, and this cannot always be done the more agreeably for a man's being rich. And can a wise man desire to be rich? Great riches unavoidably create numerous connexions and dependencies; and as incessant motion disturbs the harmony of the animal economy, and throws us into fevers. Great minds never covet riches, and if they are possessed by little minds,

minds, they create cares and inquietudes. Of those who desire money, to gratify their avarice, or their pride, it may be truly said that "wealth is a stumbling block to them that "sacrifice unto it, and every fool shall be taken "therewith."

The compass of mens wishes, as founded in *reason* and *nature*, is very narrow; but the experience of every hour convinces us, that *fancy* and *opinion* have no bounds, and are ever leading us into a *fool's paradise*; they deceive us to the very end of life; under their influence we never discover the *means* of happiness, much less the *end*. Well regulated passions, and the joys of religion, are things to which large possessions seldom contribute. Virtue is confessedly our supreme felicity: and that *condition* of life which experience proves to be most *assistant* to virtue, ought therefore to be most *coveted*. The reason why it is not so more generally is plain: too much attention to the *means* of obtaining worldly goods; or too great *confidence* and *complacency* in the possession of them, give the mind a wrong bias. Hence it arises that many rich

men

men are vicious, who probably might have been virtuous in an humble fortune. And to this cause we may impute that solemn declaration in the hyperbolical strain of the eastern languages, that “sooner shall a cable pass thro’ the eye of a needle, than a rich man enter into the kingdom of heaven!”—Heaven forbid it should be literally true! Large possessions are sometimes the secret spring of most diffusive virtues, which might not otherwise have appeared. Lord *Bacon* observes in behalf of riches, “Whilst philosophers are differing whether all things should be referred to virtue or to pleasure, let us be collecting the instruments of them both.” And we may add in words of greater authority than his, “Blessed is the rich who is found without blessing, and hath not gone after gold.” But it is I believe, not less true, that “he that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent.” I have known many instances of men devoted to gain, some expensive in their way of living, some avariciously inclined, but both causes operating in the same manner,

True

True greatness of mind consists in *mediocrity* of enjoyment, and is not dependent either on *riches* or *poverty*. Indeed, as I have just observed; mens minds differ much in this respect. Contentment is the grand criterion. As the physician who prescribes without seeing his patient, may be more easily mistaken than he who watches the symptoms of the disease; so the philosopher, or divine, ought to consider what kinds or quantities of their medicines ought to be applied in particular cases. It is more easy to tell men that they must *subdue* their passions, than *how* to do it. And supposing a general disposition to virtue equal, yet from a greater liberality of soul, and a desire to serve mankind, one shall entertain some anxiety for *riches*; whilst another, who neither loves nor hates any man, supports a stoical indifference. But this is very obvious, that nothing can render us *superior* to temptation, or keep temptation further from us, than this petition,
" Remove far from me *vanity* and *lies*; give
" me neither *poverty* or *riches*; feed me with
" food convenient for me." Is not this full of

wisdom

wisdom and piety? does it not teach men of easy circumstances, who find themselves *virtuously* disposed, to think themselves more *happy* than if they were *rich*? and if they are *not* *virtuously* inclined, they must needs be *less miserable* than if the *means* of sinful gratifications were put into their hands; since, for the very reason that they find themselves inclined to *evil*, they must conclude, that the object which they desire, in the fond hope that it will render them more *happy*, must, from the nature of things, render them less *virtuous*, and consequently prove their *bane*. If we still carry in view the great *point*, that virtue is our supreme felicity, *riches* will not *dazzle* us, nor *poverty* *dismay*.

I think, MADAM, Mr. *Hoare* is an instance of great mediocrity with a large fortune, and what the advantages of *riches* are when well employed; for his temperance and moderation constitute a considerable part of his character, and render him as amiable as his other good qualities.

You

You see my attention to the concerns of the moral world leads me to contemplate the beauty of characters, rather than the delights of houses and gardens.—*Houses and gardens* will moulder into ruin, but the *man* will stand when the *world* shall be no more! *Farewell.* I am yours, &c.

LETTER XXXIV.

To the same.

MADAM,

Wednesday.

WE could not but acknowledge the highest obligation to Mr. Hoare for the entertainment he gave us at Stourton. You indeed are *doubly* obliged, because you enjoyed a *double* pleasure. You, who have given such proof of a good taste in the disposition of your rooms, and the pleasing ornaments of your own house, must necessarily enjoy a pleasure in this way, as much beyond common mortals, as my lord knows the smack of the choicest wines, better than his groom, who aspires no higher than porter.

This

This morning the sky lower'd, and threatened an interruption of our pleasures; but as soon as you appeared, the sun began to shine again with the same benevolent influence. Mr. *Hoare* gave us a fresh proof of his politeness and humanity, by insisting on our taking his servant as a guide to *Wiley*. This place lies nine miles distant, within the limits of *Wiltshire*; the road to it is by *White-Sheet hill*, and the greatest part of the way is over downs. The beautiful mixture of woods and corn-lands, with downs covered with numerous flocks of sheep, animate the views, and at once gives us the highest idea of the opulence of this nation, and of the many enchanting scenes with which this island abounds.

The place of most consequence near the road, is *Hindon*, a market-town, near which stood the famous seat of the elder Mr. *Beckford*, which was lately destroyed by fire. I am told that when the news was brought to this gentleman, whose character is singular, he said nothing, but took out his pocket-book, and being asked what he meant, he answered, with

with a philosophical indifference, “ I am rec-
“ koning how much ‘twill cost me to rebuild
“ my house.”

Wiley is but a mean village, and lies on low ground. You remember our walking on the causeway, the road which led to the inn being deep and full of water. We were not accommodated here in an elegant manner; but being free from noise and hurry, it was more comfortable, at least to my taste, than the inns in great towns.

After dinner we set out for *Ambresbury*, distant about nine miles, over the fine turf of *Salisbury plain*. The computed miles of these cross-roads appear much longer than measured ones; or perhaps it is, because here are no mile-stones, which by convincing us that we are in the right path, beguile the way. I am yours, &c.

to model out his English mind to extract six

LETTER XXXV
enior out his scoff shill taff ois yet yedT
sits mord no To the same. to slighte a to

sub obviat spona hi l'fing m'nter now blin
MADAM, Wednesday,

IT was not till near the close of this evening
we arrived at *Stone-henge*, which lies within
the distance of three or four miles from *Ambresbury*. We had not time to survey these
stones with that awful homage which is due
to such remains of antiquity. If we contem-
plate them on a supposition of their having
been once embowled in the earth, just where
they now stand, and the soil washed from
them by the deluge, it fills the soul with reli-
gious fear, and awakens the heart to a sense
of that infinite justice, which condemn'd
mankind to abandon their iniquities with their
lives. This thought occurred to me, from
having often seen in *Portugal*, rocks which
bear some resemblance to these stones in the
position, but where no-body ever imagined
any art had been employed; but here they say

are

are marks of human design, and the labor of
mens hands.

They say also that these stones are the ruins
of a temple of the *Druïds*.—You know the
druïds were pagan priests, in whose hands the
ecclesiastical power was lodged, and as being
persons the most distinguished for their learn-
ing, they were submitted to, in those early
times, with a more implicit obedience than
some christians now submit to papal authority:
though it may be asked, if an antient Briton
could pay more respect to a *Druïd* than a Ro-
manist when he professes to believe in trans-
substantiation? The *Druïds* believed the im-
mortality of the soul. They likewise offered
the sacrifice of beasts, after the manner of the
chosen people of the ALMIGHTY; but as
these lighted their altars to the great Maker of
the world, their king, their parent, and their
country, the druids burnt incense to *Mercury*, and
other imaginary deities, to whom they blindly
ascribed the attributes of the one supreme.

The punishment inflicted on those who re-
fused to submit to the decision of these priests,

was excommunication : this was so dreadful in its consequences, and held as so great a misfortune, that they became in some measure masters of the civil as well as the ecclesiastical power. Their influence extended so far, that they have even sometimes prevented the calamitous effects of war, and stept between armies on the point of engaging.

These priests spread themselves over *Germany* as well as many other countries ; at what period of time it is not easy to discover ; but the *Cælti*, who came from *Greece*, peopled *Gaul* (or *France*) and thence transplanted themselves into this delicious island. I am told, that the *Welch*, and inhabitants of *Britany*, yet understand each others language. But the learning of the east is not supposed to have been communicated to these western regions, till about the year of the world 3440, when *Cambyses* king of *Persia* marched into *Egypt* with a great army, and by his cruelties scattered their priests, and diffused their learning.

We may suppose it was about this time, 500 years before CHRIST, that the high-priest, or

arch-druid, made choice of this plain to erect a temple of stupendous structure, as if he intended it as a memorial through all the vicissitude of time, even to the dissolution of the globe. We see it was composed of stones of such quality and dimension, that the circuit of 2250 years has made but little impression on some of them ; the vestiges of this temple yet remaining, in spite of the ravages of time. It is computed that some of these stones weigh forty tons, tho' it is said, they could not be brought from a less distance than near *Malborough*, which is sixteen miles.

It is not easy to discover the use of such costly inventions as are calculated to remove such vast and ponderous bodies, when the same work may be easily done in parts ; but we must conclude, that our progenitors had some extraordinary vehicles for the conveyance of these stones. We know that a road or way may be made of timber, set into the ground and formed with grooves, and carriages fitted to them, either to be drawn on an exact level, or on an easy decline ; and to run down-hill by

the weight of the load. This method will convey prodigious weights with an easy purchase. To draw forty tons upon wheels in the common way, upon the hardest even surface, would require near sixty yoke of oxen ; and if these could pull all together, what strength of tackle would be required to drag so great a weight !

If it is granted that this was an antient temple of the *Druids*, and that the figure and dimension of its parts can be traced out, it must follow that many stones have been broken and removed : that others have remained for this long tract of years is the more probable, from their being a kind of blue coarse marble. There are twelve or fourteen of these prodigious stones yet standing near each other, of about twenty feet perpendicular. I observed, that there are some, of near the same dimensions, placed horizontal on the upright stones, and supported by them. It seems as if the different parts of the building consisted each of one solid stone, hewn to a proper size : nor ought we to be surprized at this kind of pride, since we see it prevail in every quarter of the

globe where grand edifices are erected, tho' they are now differently modified, and more labor'd with ornaments, than these probably were. We are told, that the foundations of these stones are made by holes dug in the chalk, which is found here after a shallow stratum of earth. The greatest part of these downs are chalk near the surface, notwithstanding many parts of them have, in these latter ages of industry and skill, been converted into corn-lands.

What confirms antiquarians in a belief that this was really a temple of the *Draids*, is the great number of barrows or hillocks which surround this place. I think they reckon above a hundred, where it is supposed the princes and great men of those times were interred. Near them might stand such plantations as were necessary to the performance of the religious rites of the *Draids*: you know they held the mistletoe in great veneration, and oak branches were also used at their sacrifices.

It was so late as the reign of *Henry VIII.* when plates of tin were dug up here, with in-

scriptions on them: no body could then decypher the characters, and since that time they have been lost. Much later researches have discovered urns with ashes and the bones of human bodies; also the heads and bones of oxen and other animals, supposed to be used in the sacrifices which the *Druïds* were wont to make.

Let us conclude, for there can be no great harm in it, that this was the *St. Paul's* of the *Druïds* of that time; and that no less honors were paid to it, than the *Mahomedans* now show to *Mecca* and *Medina*, or the *Romish* christians to *Jerusalem*.

But whilst we look back with reverence for more than 2250 years, we may contemplate the condition of mankind, by considering the fate of the *Roman* empire; and, if we may judge from its present state, the almost total dissolution of the *Persian* monarchy, so often subverted within this period. How many lesser kingdoms have been established; and what numbers of states dissolved, and changed their form! How many great cities have been destroyed,

stroyed, by the hostile hands of enemies, swallowed up by earthquakes; or mouldered into ruins, from various causes!—And lastly, with how many *millions* of inhabitants the regions beyond the grave have been recruited!

If we suppose that the world was then as well peopled as it now is, and continued so; and that the present number reaches to four hundred millions: and if half of mankind born, as is calculated and observed, one with another do not exceed *seventeen* years, and if we may set life at *ten* years, then there has been an increase of about *ninety thousand* millions of souls in the world of spirits, in this period only, near *two hundred and twenty five* times as many as are now alive on the face of the whole earth!

If you ask me what I would *teach* by this far-fetch'd reflection? I only *learn*, to regard this world with so much the more indifference; as *my life* seems to be but for a *moment*; and *myself*, in so *vast a multitude*, as an *atom*. But as I believe the *immortality* of the soul, my being is of *infinite importance* to my-

self, and I will prepare to join with millions of blessed spirits, in joyful praises to him who gave me this being, and with it a capacity of happiness, not for two thousand years, but to all eternity! "As a drop of water unto the sea, and a gravel stone in comparison of the sand, so are a thousand years to the days of eternity! Adieu.

LETTER XXXVI.

To Mrs. D***.

MADAM,

Wednesday.

THE evening being far advanced when we reached Ambresbury, the reception we met with was the more inconvenient. There is something disagreeable at best, in the first moments after a journey, even with all the advantages of good roads, an easy carriage, and a commodious house to come into. But you was again disturbed by soldiers, part of Lord George Bentick's regiment of infantry

was

REFLECTIONS AT ANDREASBURG. 1173

was now just arrived from *Salisbury*, in their march for *Essex*.

You have seen how natural it is to men of speculative minds, to make reflections on every incident which is in the least uncommon. The alarms of war led me to consider how these soldiers might be most advantageously employed, to succour us in case of necessity.

Do you remember the lavish assurances which the hostess gave us that she had good accommodation, and at the same time conducted us to an apartment where no less than fifteen or twenty soldiers had taken possession? It is true, they were under good discipline, for, at the command of this *female captain*, they changed their apartment: more was not to be expected; and I made good your retreat to another house, with the same indignation of her behaviour, as if I had delivered you from the hostile hands of some bold invader, not without a sensibility of that pleasure, which true gallantry always affords to minds not devoid of generosity.

DID

Did you reflect also how this poor woman was blinded and confounded by the prospect of a little gain? She neither saw, heard, nor understood. You have lived long enough to know, that these are but the natural effects of passions unguided, and unrestrained. One may every day see, how apt mankind are to talk, to act, to deviate from their true interest; how they grasp at the transient pleasures of the present moment, and sacrifice truth and honor for trifles. 'Tis a common misfortune, to aspire, like this woman, at things beyond what we can compass with a good conscience: moderate desires, with probity of mind, will conduct us safe; we need not expose ourselves to danger. *Farewel.*

LETTER XXXVII.

To the same.

MADAM,

Wednesday.

SINCE happily we had not a better opportunity to reflect on the nature of resentment, let us take the advantage of the slender

der occasion given us by our landlady at Am-
bresbury.

During the course of my life, I have more than once observed, that from a *fond* notion of generosity of spirit, offences committed by our superiors and equals are often resented, when those of our *inferiors* are considered as below our regard. *Self-preservation* pleads most for defence, where the power of the offender may render the injury most *burtful*; but in this case, more particularly, *evil* is most easily overcome by *good*. This seems to be the most effectual way to triumph over those who will certainly be an over-match for us if we grow *angry*. In this case the *wise man's* admonition is most applicable; “The *discretion* of a man *defers* “*reth* his anger; and it is his *glory* to pass “over a transgression.” For if we consider *forgiveness* as a divine command, it is imprest with a mark of *glory*, as far beyond the gratification of the highest earthly pride, as “thunder is louder than a whisper.”

Perhaps it favors too much of *policy*, and too little of *honesty*; yet it is not bad advice which is

is given by the poet, when neither reason nor experience suggest a better remedy :

"Learn to dissemble wrongs, to smile at injuries,

"To laugh at crimes thou wants the power to punish.

"That is the way to live in such a world as this."

Smiling at injuries, and laughing at crimes, sound prettier in poetry than in moral rules; for the integrity of the heart generally forbids both. This however ought to be remembered, that there are some occasions in which it is not only most safe, but most virtuous to dissemble wrongs.

And why should we expose ourselves to danger, because other people happen to be foolish or wicked? Or why indulge a resentment, which corrodes the heart, and robs the soul of its tranquillity? Can our passions do us justice? Will not reason do it much better? Those often increase the evil; this will diminish it. Besides, resentment cannot be indulged without some desire of revenge; and what is revenge?

"Re-

"*Revenge is but a frailty incident
To crav'd and sickly minds, the poor can-
sent
Of little souls, unable to surmount
An injury, too weak to bear affront.*"

Here again the word *frailty* suited the poet for his jingle, or he would have called it *wickedness*. To form a right judgment of this matter, we must leave all *worldly maxims* out of the question, and consider that the Saviour of mankind tells us "*his kingdom is not of this world.*" Indeed so very different was his *rule of conduct* from the common practice of mankind, as the sacred history of his life informs us, that "*when he was reviled, he reviled not again!*" When *he was injured* in the highest degree *he did no injury to others.* Can we imitate a more glorious example? Can the gratification of pride or anger, or the prevention of temporal evils by any means, afford so captivating, so noble, so exalted a pleasure, as the following *his steps*, at whose name the angels bow?

We

We are all agreed that it is no less a violence on common sense, than an insult to the majesty of heaven, to repeat the *Lord's* prayer and yet to withhold our *forgiveness*. "He that sheweth no mercy to a man who is like himself, doth he ask *forgiveness* of his own sins?" "No man is truly great," says your favorite author, "who does not look upon every thing in the world as little." And in the eye of religion or philosophy, is it not the least of all little things to indulge resentments, which generally conduce to our own misery, and are always injurious to the happiness of others?

Our passions mix with almost every action of our lives, and most of all our *pride*; but what a *superiority* do those acquire who are above *pride*, who exalt themselves, and become invulnerable even by their *humility*! This is to be greater than the greatest, whose grandeur is derived only from worldly power and external things.

As to those *slights*, which the most virtuous and judicious sometimes encounter, they are

are generally the effects of wrong impressions, vicious inclinations, or the false and weak judgments of others. We often take the *desire* of monopolising the love of those we value most, to be *virtue*; but the *expectation* that they will be *constant*, and *equal*, in the expression of their regards to *us*, when they are not so to *themselves*, nor yet we to *ourselves*, is a folly which nothing but *inexperience* can justify.

Again, the eager desire of being well spoken of by *all* people, and the showing *resentment* when we are not, is also a great *foible*, for this cannot be, in the nature of things, if we act consistent with common honesty. "We be to him of whom *all men speak well*," is a sentence, if I mistake not, of our Saviour. Our happiness must be built on the foundation of a *conscious innocence*: the rest should be considered as merely *accidental*, and not lay us open to any great *joy* or *sorrow*. But women are generally accustomed to *flattery*, and from hence it arises that your resentments of reproach are keener than those of men. Your

fortunes also depend more on a fair name, which mankind generally covet, and yet all the incense we offer to you, or even to great men, and princes, if they do not deserve it, is in reality only telling them what they ought to be, and reproaching them if they are not the persons described.

To bring the matter home : in every instance in which you are conscious of error, say to your heart, “ *I was betrayed by prejudice, or passion ; or I judged ill ; I will be more watchful for the future, and correct myself.* ” But if, upon the most impartial enquiry, you find the fault belongs to others ; if you cannot correct them by gentle means, or without bringing on greater evils, you may at least bestow your *charity* on all mankind ; you may be *sorry* for their faults.

With regard to the more *tender* concerns of human intercourse ; our *resentments*, for such will sometimes arise, ought to *die* as soon as they are *born*, whilst in spite of our frailties we should endeavor to make our *friendships* immortal. A *cobweb friendship*, which every little

little inadvertency is apt to *break*; tho' it should be *mended* again, is of as nice and precarious a texture, as a cobweb *honor*, for which the owner is ever in *alarm*. Men of *tender* affections are subject to *jealousy*, in *friendship* as well as in *love*; but men of *judgment* see their own *weakness*. *Jealousy* in *friendship* is but making rods to scourge ourselves with; but *solicitude* for *honor*, which is not at the same time supported on solid principles, exposes us to much greater anxiety than the false *imputation* of *guilt*, to *innocent* minds.

There is also something sacred in those professions of regard, that were first made on *virtuous* principles, which ought to engage our care and *solicitude*, even for those who are *careless* and *negligent* of themselves; for if our compassion ought to extend to *all* mankind, these duties become stronger in proportion to our knowledge of the wants of individuals. Our Saviour tells us he came to heal the *sick*, not the *sound*; therefore let *vice* or *folly*, passion or interest excite our resentment, or separate those who were once united in

friendship, we must never lose sight of such persons, whilst there is any hope of recovery; especially if the *fault*, as happens oftener than we acknowledge, is in some measure or degree chargeable to ourselves.

But *virtue* is the only *security* of all social ties; let a man be ever so zealous in his friendship, if his principles are not good, he is dangerous. And can he be a good man who does not think that heaven's darling attribute is *forgiveness*? Can he be amiable of whom it is said "he is a *good friend*, but a *bitter enemy*?" Is not this to be a slave to pride and anger: to be virtuous only as the ruling passion directs, whether it is according to reason or not? Let us learn the lesson which is given us by a very wise man; in all the concerns of life "re-
"member thy *end*, and let *envy* cease. Re-
"member *corruption* and *death*, and abide in
"the commandments."

All the ties which bind mankind have some mixture of blind affection; happy, perhaps, that it is so, since we are apt to see the faults of others in so different a light from our

own. But as such affection is more or less regulated by *reason*, it will render life *happy* or *miserable*.

Amidst the various calamities of life, it is more supportable to be subservient to a *fool*, than to be under obligations to a *knav*. To shun the stings and arrows of self-reproach, let us be cautious to whom we are much obliged, that we may not *live a lie*, nor yet be *ungrateful*; we shall certainly violate *truth* if we profess *esteem* where we really have none. Farewell.

LETTER XXXVIII.

To the same.

MADAM,

Wednesday.

THO' I have thus taken the liberty to moralize, in consequence of the conduct of our hostess; we must not forget that she was so true to her own interest, as to provide us lodgings at a private house. My apartment had the most marks of poverty of any I have seen for many a long day; but as

sleep visits the eyes of *peasants*, when *kings* must often submit to count the tedious hours, my rest was a perfect image of death. Such was not your good fortune ; you complained the next morning of noisy soldiers, who before the dawn of day drew up in order near your window, and for the third time prevented your repose.

You saw enough of military men, in this journey, to give you a slight *idea* of those alarms that happen in countries which are the *seats of war*; an event which could not be thought miraculous was it to happen in this; but from which, may it ever please the ALMIGHTY to deliver us !

But since there is such apparent danger of war, we may indulge a few thoughts on so interesting a subject; but whilst we rouse a *martial* spirit, we must not excite an *angry* one. The great objects which we ought to keep in view, are *justice* and *safety*; these include the idea of *national honor*, and are as far superior to the fond notion of what is generally understood by *military glory*, as humanity and the preservation

servation of GOD's creatures are to be preferred to the destruction of them. *Heathens* might idolize *Mars*, but *Christians* cannot. War is as great a proof of the folly, as it is of the iniquity of mankind, and always carries its scourge along with it. Well may we say, with Mr. *Rowe*,

"Thou fell monster, war! which in a moment

"Lay'st waste the noblest part of the creation,

"The boast and master-piece of the great Maker,

"That wears in vain th' impression of his image."

And yet how much more desirous is one part of mankind, to see war prevail, than reason and justice to prevent it! *Avarice* and *ambition* lurk secretly in many a good heart, which would throw blushes into the cheek; were it sensible of the weakness. Men who are interested with regard to private gain; or those whose blood has too quick a motion, who think only of revenge and slaughter, or

of leading the *captive enemy in chains*; such persons should be taught, that *war* is a very great evil, and the *fortune of it uncertain*. We cannot tell to what dangers it may expose us; nor, with all our seeming superiority, what deep distresses we may suffer by it.

To form a right judgment of this subject, we must mix the *sagacity of the fox* with the *gentleness of the lamb*, and add the *strength and resolution of the lion*, but not his *fierceness*. In the mean while we may enquire freely, if our superiority in naval strength, if our numbers in *America*, will induce *France* to *submit*? Will so proud, so powerful, so active, so skilful a nation, give up a point of such vast importance without a struggle? There is only this in favor of the opinion, that she may *acquiesce* at this time; her submission may afford opportunity to *increase* her power, to make provision for a *future day*, when *Lucifer* shall again tempt her to disturb the repose of mankind by her encroachments.

You will hear many deprecate the power of *France*, and accuse those of having *French hearts*, who

who speak with some respect of her strength at sea. It is very happy for us, that it is not greater; and yet, if we consider, that she probably will abandon her merchants, and *collect* her force to direct it all at one point, whilst we must divide and subdivide ours; thus whilst we are ignorant where the blow will be directed, the *superiority* on our part will become much less considerable than some of us imagine.

Granting that both nations prepare for war, it does not appear that either *desire* it, as an eligible thing. To commercial nations it is never eligible; for whilst it consumes their blood and treasure, it strikes at the root of their greatness. It is *our* duty to ourselves, to bring things to as speedy and certain an issue as possible; therefore under our present circumstances, negotiations which may be spun out to a great length, are dangerous. We have begun in *America*: will it not be dangerous if we do not act in *Europe*? English policy has hitherto been a match for French, but it is because we have added *action* to *debate*, and spoken from the mouths of our great guns: happy, if by
the

the effectual use of these, we could obtain the object in view, and, by a sudden rapid success, confound the French, and prevent a war !

Happy also if we could prevent the effusion of French blood as well as our own ! Humanity forbids us to distress the French if we can avoid it. As nations, and as individuals, we ought to consider what men should be to men : they are under the common care of the same beneficent being, who has no delight in the misery of his creatures.

Thrice happy then if we can prevent the heart-bleeding sorrows of the widow, and the lamenting tears of orphans ; the pangs of tender mothers, and the sad sighs of fraternal love ; the father's anguish for his bleeding son, or for his daughter, weeping for her lover, now no more.

Safe from the fears and cares of war, let the shepherd watch his flocks, and the weaver attend his loom. Let the husbandman sow and reap till his granaries are full. Whilst the great and noble give living proof that "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance that

" that he possesseth ; " that virtuous moderation is preferable to ill-bought splendor ; and well disciplined passions more pleasing companions than those which are *mutinous*. Then may we save this *spendthrift* nation from the dangers which *lurk* in our *paths* : joy and calm repose will meet us on the fair banks of silver *Thames* ; and in seraphic language, we may sing *ballelujahs* to the *prince of peace* ; " *Glory be to GOD on high, on earth peace, good will towards men !*"

But if there is *safety* only in the humiliation of our foes : if *history* will not warrant our neglecting this occasion, lest a worse should shortly overtake us : if *France* is averse to *war*, only from being conscious she is not yet equal to the trial she designs to make hereafter ; or as I rather think, *seems* more averse than she really is, in hopes to lull us into a dangerous repose, *may heaven assist us !* And if our hearts must keep time to the shrill trumpet's dread alarms, let us play off the *British* thunder with *British* spirits : let us, when the occasion demands, range our squadrons by sea or

land, in all the pomp of war. If a pious reverence for our religion and laws no longer influence us as they did our ancestors, whose blood has so often streamed for themselves and their posterity, we still know the value of liberty, and I hope we still shall say with the patriot poet ;

“ — *Thou, great liberty, inspire our souls,*
 “ *And make our lives in thy possession happy,*
 “ *Or our deaths glorious in thy just defence!*

Is it not better to run the risk of dying a little before the common period of life, to crown it with dignity and honor if we survive, than submit to receive laws from a conqueror, who may dispose of our lives, bring our honour to the dust, or plunge us into poverty ?

“ — *To live, is to enjoy,*
 “ *What marrs our bliss does life destroy;*”
 Let us possess our souls with piety and resignation to God, and look on life and death indifferently. It is not in mortals to command success ; but let our piety and valor deserve it.

Thus, upon the principle of love to God and man, as our cause is just, I hope we shall
all

all discharge our duty. Our counsels seem to be conducted with *wisdom*; and, if we do not rush into this war with more *spirit* than *wit*, I hope we shall not leave it with more *cauti-*
on than *readiness*. As the case now stands, or seems to stand, there is no great danger of having our views frustrated by other powers; we are going on a *new plan*; may heaven pro-
sper it! We were in a fair way of being ruined by *Flemish* wars, now we must be vigilant and brave, to keep the enemy at a distance, and ward off *invation*. I hope we shall prepare a larger portion of our strength than we have generally employed in the beginning of former wars.

Happily for us, our *armies* are under the command of a *Prince* who has knowledge and experience; is attentive to discipline, and watchful of opportunities; who is beloved by his *father* and his *sovereign* united in one; whose glory it will be, not to *defend* us only, but to *bumble* our enemies. In the mean while our naval strength being so much under the direction of a noble lord, who it may be pre-

sumed loves his *business*, and understands his *duty*, and that his ruling passion is to promote the honor and welfare of the service; may we not then expect, that the skill and bravery of our admirals, officers, and seamen, will answer all the purposes which can reasonably be expected, and bring the war to a happy issue?

As *speculative* warriors and politicians, we may expatiate at large. It is an impious presumption to *foretell* any thing with regard to *war*; but it is a *duty* to *hope* we shall strike *bravely home*, where we *can* strike home; not *scale fortresses* as if we meant to deliver *captive virgins* from *enchanted castles*. And however romantic the notion may appear; if it please *God* to give our arms success, I hope it will please him also, that, by the *justest* methods, we may set *just* bounds to the growth of the naval power of our enemies; which must otherwise give such *umbrage*, *distrust*, and *well-grounded suspicion* on our side, as will probably occasion *future wars*. The nature of mankind must be altered, or *both* nations cannot be *very powerful* at sea: which of the two, has from the nature

nature of its situation the *right* of being *safely* superior, on the common principle of *self-preservation*, let the *honest* and *discerning*, of every nation under heaven, determine.

With regard to ourselves, in general, let us do our *duty*; “let him who hath no sword, buy one,” at least let him resolve to possess his soul in fortitude, and free from dismay, even tho’ *France* were to land a potent army in this island. But whatever principle we adopt, be it the effect of national *pride*, or *fear*, *ambition*, or *avarice*, if we are not really virtuous, we must endeavor to *appear* so. There is a time when the *appearance* of national *virtue* is essentially necessary to national safety. The love of *money*, and of *pleasure*, I am sorry to say, are ruling passions with us; but can we gratify them equally in *war* as in *peace*?—when the state is in *danger*, and our foes contriving our *ruin*, as when we *enjoy* an undisturbed *security*? Is not this inconsistent with these very passions? Shall we not first consider what is properly called the *main chance*; for even that may be at stake?

Without

Without examining what ought to be done upon motives of pecuniary interest, let us consider what is our duty, on those of honor, safety, and the common obligations of individuals. This requires a degree of zeal which is not in fashion; but there is great occasion for it, and if we suffer it to be extinguished, we shall be ruined in the end. He who would have it thought that he has the welfare of his country at heart, and does not demonstrate that he has, but looks upon it with indifference, can be expect to be considered as a good subject, or a good man? Can he, with a good countenance, intreat for protection on extreme emergencies? Can he expect to receive that care and indulgence which is due, from a wise government, to those who perform their duty to it? No: might not his fellow-citizens say, *let him perish?*

The love of our country includes almost every social duty. It is a virtue which will certainly be rewarded. If of the two evils we judge *war* to be the *least*, let us make it as light as possible, by pushing it on with great vigor.

vigor, in hopes of bringing it to a *speedy issue*. But for this purpose *money* is essentially necessary, and it must be raised in some shape or other.

I think, *Madam*, you have too great and too good a spirit to consider this subject as useless or unprofitable: you are *interested* deeply; every lady of sentiment, every woman of understanding, must be sensible that *war* cannot be carried on without *supplies*, and that those supplies must come from the hands of individuals. The question is plain and intelligible; nothing is required but common sense, and good affections. A *British lady*, who has a right education, and is endowed with understanding, has the same love for her country, as a *British lord* or *gentleman*, and ought to fly as eagerly to the succour of it. Who can tell what occasion there may be for your services? She who animates the warrior by her *smiles* or *frowns*, or voluntarily gives up her equipage, her jewels, or her plate, with a view to assist the state, as the *Roman ladies* did, on several occasions, acts with as gallant a spirit, as her *husband*,

her brother, or her son, who offer their service upon an emergency, and expose their persons in battle. *Farewel. I am yours, &c.*

LETTER XXXIX.

To the same.

MADAM,

Thursday, 14 Aug. 1755.

THE gay morn arrived glittering with dewy gems! How rapturous 'tis to behold the sun on the horizon's verge, rising in *solemn* majesty, replete with genial warmth and radiance, to gladden the sons of men!

In *common language*, have you ever experienced the advantages of *rising early*? No body disputes that it conduces to health, since it not only renders the night sleep sound and refreshing, but prevents the body from being softened and enervated: and what is of yet greater importance, it invigorates the mind. Health is the salt, without which life has no relish: "It is the *virtue* of the *body*, and the "good fortune of the soul." In other words of greater authority, "there are no *riches* above

"a sound body, and no joy above the joy of the
"heart."

The ideas of *health* and *long life* are often-times united; but they are very distinct things: rising early increases both; and whilst we live a greater number of *days*, several *hours* are added to each of those days; hours of most enjoyment, because in these we have most the *command* of ourselves; whilst the intemperate and the idle, of every denomination, suffer themselves to be detained in the arms of death, of which sleep is an image; or meditate with broken and entangled thoughts, expressive neither of life nor death.

With regard to the concerns of this world, it is very emphatically said, "he that riseth early shall sit among princes, he shall not sit among common men." The promise of temporal advantages extends equally to the female world, and to the *highest* as well as the *lowest* classes of mankind. If we consider it philosophically, it is departing from nature, for man, who is a thinking, active being, to sleep more than nature requires; and it is impiety to im-

tate those irrational animals, of whom nature makes no other demand than to sleep, and gratify their appetites. *Farewel.*

LETTER XL.

To the same.

MADAM,

Thursday.

WE left our private quarters, and broke our fast in public at the *George*. Three more companies of lord *George Bentick's* regiment were then just arrived from *Salisbury*. They made this a short march, designing to reach *Malborough* the next day.

Ambresbury is a very antient place where historians tell us once stood a monastery built by a *British* prince for the reception of monks. These were to pray for the souls of those who were slain by *Hengist the Saxon*, who, some writers tell us, treacherously murdered all the followers of king *Vortigern*. That is treachery in common life, which even in this enlightened age, is fair play in war; and if the *Saxons* came over with a view to be our masters, we

can

can hardly call it treachery. Some imagine *Stone-benge* was erected by this *Hengist*, as a memorial of his conquest over the *Britons*. But to come down to later times, we find that in this village was a nunnery, where the queen of *Henry III* ended her days in quiet, with many ladies of the first quality, who chose this retreat from the world.

The neighbouring country is delightful, but the village makes but a mean figure at present, and therefore I am the more obliged to our landlady who gave occasion for my thoughts on *resentment*, a subject more interesting than whether a battle was fought at this, or any other place, five hundred years ago.

The object which next invited our eyes was Ambresbury-abby, the seat of the duke of Queenborough. This mansion adjoins to the village, and is situated on the river Avon, whose waters meander through the gardens. The duke has inclosed a hill, and planted it in a beautiful manner. The ascent on the side towards the river is very steep, and part of it

is formed into a terras, one side of which is thirty or forty feet, almost perpendicular : but there seems to be an impropriety in a narrow walk so situated, without rails. Above this, the ground still rises, and the summit affords several grand and delightful views of a rich and fertile country. The descents from this ground towards the house are easy, and form many pleasing walks of mossy turf.

There is a bridge over the river, and also an humble *imitation* of a *Chineſe* house, which is well shaded, and agreeable ; but it consists only of one room, and is yet unfinished. Here is great scope for the improvement of the neighboring meadows ; and the canals which border the avenue to the house, are very foul. Thus they appear without form or beauty ; whereas, if the banks were made into an easy descent, and the canals cleansed, they must afford that delight which the assemblage of other objects would then add to them. I think, Madam, our curiosity flagg'd in not visiting the palace of a duke, built by the famous *Inigo Jones* ; but indeed it has no great reputation.
Farewel.

L E T.

L E T T E R X L I.

To Mrs. O*****.

M A D A M,

Thursday.

FROM *Ambresbury-abby*, we proceeded fourteen miles to *Stockbridge*, the road for the most part lying over downs, which divide the delightful counties of *Wiltshire* and *Hampshire*, and afford many charming prospects.

The zephyrs which now sported in the air, the brightness of the sky, and the beautiful variety and verdure of the earth, seemed to vie with each other, whether they should most enchant the mind with the love of rural joys, or excite a contempt of those pleasures, that nourish the corroding passions which prevail in great cities.

It was in this morning's journey, that my imagination took a distant flight above the earth. The brightness of the azure sky received an uncommon beauty from the clouds

which flew on high, clothed in milky white, and presented to the eye of my fancy the appearance of an angel. Methought I saw one of those winged messengers of heaven directing his course, through the vast expanse, towards the local seat of that ineffable glory, which surrounds the more immediate presence of the god, invisible to mortal eyes ! I saw the spirit approach, as near as angels can approach, the throne of that one Supreme, in the contemplation of whose perfections all the powers of my soul were absorbed.

" Lo ! the great ruler of the world from high,
" Look'd smiling down with a propitious eye,

With the eye of contemplation, I saw the ALMIGHTY looking down with parental tenderness on all the children of men ; observing all their words and actions ; all the counsels and devices of their hearts ; slow in punishing their crimes, and delighting in their virtues !

A short period of time will suffice for such a thought, nor can every mind bear to be long on the stretch. Descending to the earth I considered myself of the species of created be-
ings,

ings, the noblest in the visible world, and appointed by the supreme Lord of all, under his own government, the sovereigns of it. I reflected how plentifully *nature*, or that course of things which is directed by *God*, has provided for all our wants; and that the omnipotence of this great governor of the universe, is ever employed to guard and to preserve us through the journey of life.

And if this is really so, as surely it is, with what a warmth of gratitude! with what a ready purpose of soul! with what a sincerity of heart, ought we to employ our freedom of acting, to engage the continuance of his love and protection!—His loving-kindness and mercy will endure through all the vicissitudes of this mortal state; through all the changes we must pass; beyond all the records of time; far, far beyond the utmost periods which the human soul can grasp, even to eternity!

After indulging this reverie, like a common mortal I pursued my journey on the surface of the globe, in hopes that we were all in the fair road to that elysium, of which the warm-

est imagination of poets, or the heart flaming with seraphic love, can form but imperfect ideas.

And now, *Madam*, what use will you make of this *rhapsody*? If I have the happiness to reach those regions of immortality, where my thoughts have been wandering, I shall be glad to meet you there, and all my friends: *happy if all mankind could meet!* Perhaps my seat may be *lower* than yours, and yet part of my pleasure may be to know that you possess a *higher* than my own; for if it is so pleasing to see our friends happy here, it must be more so, where there is no *envy*, no *enmity*, no *perturbation*, where *all are completely happy*, tho' not *all* in the same height of felicity. *Farewell.*

LET-

LETTER XLII.

To the same.

MADAM, on Thursday,

IT was about two, when we arrived at Stockbridge, where we found the King's-Head full of soldiers and horses : alas, there is too much reason for our gracious and puissant monarch to *think of war!* — But this was only the sign of the King's-Head, and these soldiers were, at this time, men of pleasure, come there not to fight, but only to attend the contest between three horses.

Stockbridge is a borough in Hampshire, of no great note, containing very few good houses ; but the great breadth of the road through the town gives it an elegance which very few of our country towns and villages enjoy. One would imagine, from the manner in which most of our villages, as well as towns, are built, that our forefathers were straitened much for room, or delighted to live like bees

in

in a hive. They judged well, however, in making choice of valleys rather than hills.

This place is situated in a most agreeable valley, where the removal of some vile huts would open a view to delightful meadow-grounds, and plantations adorned with a delicious verdure. But perhaps the inhabitants here choose to guard against the current of a north wind in winter; or, more probably, are *contented*, and do not think at all about it.

The adjacent downs and corn-lands rise gradually, and throw themselves into the eye. Prospects, thus bounded, yield a more lasting pleasure than where the sight is bewildered by extensive views of undistinguishable objects. Such situations are also more agreeable to the common sense of mankind, not only as being defended from the wind, but better supplied with water. I am yours, &c.

LET.

LETTER XLII.

To the same.

MADAM,

Thursday.

AFTER many kind words and intreaties, for such are necessary on these occasions, we had the happiness to see our dinner brought to table ; and at four in the afternoon we went to the downs, about a mile and a half distant, to attend the *feats* of the third and last day of Stockbridge-races.

This diversion, which is so peculiar to us, if it had no marks of cruelty, nor promoted idleness among the lower classes of the people, must be confessed to have its charms. To see a numerous assembly of persons of fortune and distinction, on horse-back, and in gay equipages, on a fine turf, in an open country, in bright weather : to observe their evolutions from place to place, within a circle of two or three miles, with eager eyes to view the horses in their course, is no vulgar entertainment. The anxious looks of some, and the wild trans-

ports

ports of others, have some allusion to a field of battle, without the terrors of such a scene.

But whilst this gay picture affords such delight to the lively part of both sexes, what a pity it is that so noble a creature, the most generous, the most beautiful of the brute creation should be ill-treated, and pressed so unnaturally beyond his strength ; and more pity still that this amusement should furnish an occasion of rank villainy ! *Jockey* and *thief* are, in the ideas of some people, synonymous terms : but, alas ! if the *gentleman* seldom treats his *friend*, and hardly ever an indifferent person, with strict honor, in *selling* a horse, what are we to expect of those who have been *bred* among horses ? Those who make a trade of buying and selling these animals have generally a worse reputation than those who only *ride* them ; but the fraudulent practices committed at races, I am assured, are a very great reproach to those who interest themselves in them.

I presume, you have been often told of *gentlemen's* gaming very high on these occasions,

sions, tho', I thank God, I never heard of ladies playing deep, except by meer accident, in love, or at cards, at the nocturnal assemblies which attend these meetings.

It would be happy if a law were made to curb the licentious spirit of gaming, which prevails at *Horse-races*: at the same time I apprehend this entertainment might be more varied, as well as rendered more useful. Horses of most speed are of least use, unless they are also hardy and fit for the road. But if *premiums* were allotted to those who brought to the field the three largest, or most beautiful horses of best paces, either for the cart, coach, or saddle, it might produce very happy effects. In order to prevent idleness, the meeting should be but *once* a year, and in such counties as the legislature should appoint; the horses also ought not to be brought to the race-ground above ten miles from the places where they were foaled.

What heightened the pleasure of this evening's entertainment, was a second meeting with all our *Salisbury* friends, and with them the agreeable

208 DESCRIPTION of a HORSE-RACE.

agreeable Mr. G******, whom we had not seen before, with my little philosopher, his son. Many fine persons of both sexes appeared on this occasion, who attracted the eyes of beholders. Such pleasures are increased by the meeting of those who might not otherwise have opportunities of seeing each other. And it is no small addition of happiness to benevolent minds, to see others in a fair way of promoting their *future* felicity by those very occasions which administer to their *present* enjoyments. *Adieu,*

PART

PART IV.

*Conversation on religious subjects, till we arrive
at Winchester.*

LETTER XLIV.

*To Mrs. D***.*

MADAM,

Thursday.

BEFORE we leave the crowd at Stockbridge race, let us indulge a grateful thought on your happy escape: how near was your post-chaise from being tumbled over by a coach-wheel! an ounce of weight more had done it. I was sorry to observe, that some who *ride* in coaches have as little politeness as those who *drive* them: if this were not the case, the gentleman who saw the accident would have asked your *pardon*.

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What

What dangers surround us in the common occurrences of life ! our pursuits of the most innocent amusements are not exempt from them. May the good Providence, which is watchful for the safety of mankind, protect you ! or, if there be such, may your peculiar guardian angel never forsake you!—I will venture to assure you he *never will*, if you do not *forsake yourself*.

Night was already approaching, when we left the field ; but it was determined to make the best of our way to *Winchester*. The objects with which we had been so well entertained, being now shut from our eyes, it was but natural to beguile the hours, with some profitable discourse. When the delights of *imagination* fail, the gayest mortals often fly for succour to the pleasures of the *understanding* : unhappy those to whom such pleasures are not grateful ! Tired with gay amusements, nature demands of us to be serious ; and yet attention to *grave subjects* is a very laborious task to those who have no *relish* for them. My discourse would hardly have been so much

much confined to religion, if your questions had not prepared the way, and in some measure constrained me to expatriate : and it would be an ill compliment, to suppose that nothing more than your politeness to me, was concerned in your enquiries. *Adieu.* I am yours,
Ec.

LETTER XLV.

To the same.

MADAM,

Thursday.

OUR first subject, on the road, was the vanity and folly of mankind : we considered the great difference between the same person *living*, and *dead*; and thence concluded, that as life is so very precarious, it is extremely foolish to *suffer* the concerns of it, whatever they may be, to torment us with anxious thoughts. It seems to follow as certain, as pleasure is preferable to pain, that we ought to make it our study to support a constant habit of tranquillity ; or, in other words, to meet a gratification in every thing we see or

P 2

hear,

hear, supposing it is not criminal. In every gloomy hour; in every moment when our spirits flag, and the world wears an unpleasing aspect, what a happiness it is that we can always have recourse to *hope*; to the contemplation of joys in *reversion*; and reflect on the certainty of arriving at the fruition of those joys, if we *strive* for them. If this tranquil habit, and these pleasing hopes, can be most easily accomplished, by promoting the happiness of others, as we would wish them to promote ours, we *ought*, on this principle alone, to become devotees to *virtue*. But as the mind cannot enjoy any solid happiness, but as it arises from virtue, we must *leave off* complaining of the *vanity* of *life*, and express our discontent of the vanity of pursuing any thing which does not tend to promote *virtue*. How deeply is the love of virtue implanted in the soul! How it *leads* us to trace out our divine original! As certain as there is a GOD,

“ *He must delight in virtue, and*

“ *That which he delights in, must be
happy.*”

All

All pursuits of happiness on any other principle, are *vain* indeed !

" There is nothing in the world," says Dr. Young, " but GOD and a man's own soul." But who can act as if he believed the existence of the one, or the immortality of the other, unless he applies himself to a religious performance of the duties of society, with regard to an *active belief* of the commands of that GOD ? It is as clearly demonstrable, that our happiness depends on our acting agreeable to our *make* and *constitution*, as we came out of the hands of our Maker, as it is that we are *rational* or *social* beings. If we *deviate* from this principle, and, as a consequence of it, find ourselves unhappy, let us not therefore complain of the *vanity of life*.

" It is no great matter," says an ingenious divine, " whether we spend our time most in *vanity*, or in *vexation of spirit*." And, indeed, why should not the *vanity* which only *diverts* the thoughts, be preferred to that which *only torments* them ? The amusements of which this age is so foolishly fond, are not

to be rejected, because they divert the fancy, and give us pleasure: on the contrary, they may, on this account, be allowed to have some degree of utility. 'Tis the *immoderate* love of *pleasure* which is dangerous. When we forget the *true end and meaning* of these amusements; when we make them our *busi-*
ness or *chief* employment; and by this means contract a disrelish to sober and essential du-
ties, then our *lives* are *vain*; or, to express
this thought in clearer words, *then we are cri-*
minal. But such amusements as are either indif-
ferent in their nature, or suited to our gayer
thoughts, without *corrupting* the *heart*, or *de-*
ceiving the *understanding*, if used in *modera-*
tion, they are desirable things. Always re-
member this great lesson,

" *Pleasure, or true, or falsely understood,*

" *Our greatest evil, or our greatest good."*

We may boldly pronounce that *that* life bids fairest to become a life of *pleasure*, which is most a life of *virtue*. To have *GOD*, and the welfare of mankind, in *all* our thoughts, must fill the soul with *joy*; " *The fear of the LORD*

" *maketh*

"maketh a *merry heart*, and giveth *joy*, and "gladness, and a *long life*." "Tis this fear which leads us to honor and obey the great parent of mankind: it leads us to such an exercise both of the head and heart, as will render it the *vainest* thing of all, to complain that life is *nothing* but *vanity*! We need but ask ourselves, whether our pursuits contribute to the honor of GOD, and consequently to the good of society; or whether they have a contrary tendency? Our hearts may *sometimes* deceive us in the decision of this question, but very *rarely*, unless we take *pains* to assist such deceit.

Yet, it must be confessed, there is a great deal of *vanity* in the world; more, I fear, than men, who pretend to wisdom, are aware of. If we make *gods* of the objects of our fancies or opinions, appetites or passions, we render *ourselves* vain creatures, but not *life*; unless by *life* we mean to confound the *order of nature*, as GOD has appointed, with the *disorder* sof *fancy and passion*, as men have introduced them: let us be *ingenuous*:

" See ! and confess, one comfort still must rise ;

" 'Tis this, tho' man's a fool, yet GOD is wise."

Not that we are *fools*, in a religious sense, from *necessity* : yet I say if we idolize man or woman ; if we are *captivated* with the splendor of life ; if the amusements of it enchant us : whatever *excess* we fall into, it must create just cause of complaint of our own misery : even knowledge or valor, which have no tendency to promote virtue, or are not in themselves *beneficial* to mankind, are *vain* :

" Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,

" Is but the more a fool, the more a knave."

'Tis vain also to attempt more knowledge of any thing than experience eyinges we can compass :

" To know in measure what the mind

" May well contain, oppresses else with surfeit ;

" And soon turns wisdom to folly,

" As nourishment to wind."

If I was a master of *sciences*, and an adept in *arts*, I would say with the poet,

" How empty learning, and how vain is art,

" But as it mends the life, and guides the

" heart!"

In

In a word, whatever we indulge ourselves in beyond *reason*, is *vain*. I ought to throw away my *pen* with *disdain*, if this *moral writing*, instead of exercising and improving my thoughts, diverted them from *heaven*; or if it occasioned my neglecting one *social duty* which appeared to me of greater moment.

When we desire any thing in comparison with the love of GOD, and obedience to his laws; when we grasp at *riches* and *honors*, and *pleasures*, with more eagerness than they are really entitled to, in the *true estimate* of happiness; when we *consider* them with more *complacency* than is consistent with a collected habit of *thought*, and a proper *attention* to a *future state*, as is generally the case; when we over-look all the *admonitions* of wise men, through every age, and in every clime, and despise the *word* of GOD himself; then life is *vain* indeed! I am persuaded, if we examine our advantages with philosophic eyes, we shall give them their *proper weight* in the *scale* of life. Yet I grant we have need to exert our *reason*, lest, on the *one side*

sive we grow doatingly fond of *trifles*; or on the other fall into an *apathy*, and see all worldly things with a total indifference, whether they are objects of *pleasure* or *pain*, *good* or *evil*. Still let us *look up to those regions* where we hope for *eternal rest*. Let us avoid *extremes*; nor think that we are *more than man*, because we are above the *beasts* that perish. Let reason exalt man ever so high, some *passion* or other will remind him that he is not a *God*, nor yet an *angel*. *Here let us rest!*

“ *Virtue alone is happiness below.*”

O *Virtue!* how *vain* it is to ask for the *happiness* of *thinking justly* what life is, but as this is thy *gift*! How *vain* to *search* for the means of deluding ourselves! If we abandon *thought*; the thought of what we *are*, and what we *may be*, we abandon *ourselves*; and where are we to find *happiness* in any object foreign to our own hearts? If we are at *variance* with ourselves, we must be miserable. There is danger also in prying too far. Life may become *vain* by thinking *too much*, as well as by not thinking at all. To what purpose do we

set

set our minds to *work*, unless we learn how to *subsist* on our own stock, and improve our own acquisitions? A sincere devotion of our heart to GOD, is the most permanent wealth. And yet alas, we continually fly from ourselves; like *indigent wretches* begging for a *morsel* of bread, we court the *charity* of others, and generally take what is given us, be it ever so coarse.

Far be it from me to forget, that the happiness of *social beings* depends, in a great measure, on *social intercourse*: I only say, when all is *right* in our own *breast*, we shall find no just excuse to complain of the *vanity* of life! And if by *accident* it is *wrong*, humanly speaking we have the *power* to correct ourselves. This consideration then takes place to *rejoice* the heart; to *invigorate* the mind; to support the energy of the soul in pursuit of its object. Tho' often *stunn'd*, we must rise to the *combat*. To do this in the manner most productive of the end proposed, we must call on ourselves aloud, and strive to elevate the mind, or shame the heart into a sense of its own *dignity*. We must

must rouse ourselves, and consider attentively in what relation we stand to God, and to our neighbor; we must contemplate our own *excellence*; and not submit ourselves to *gratifications* which *debase* or *sensualize* the soul. If we do not observe such rules here, life will become *vain*, and we, not only *vain*, but *miserable* creatures hereafter.

It is beyond all dispute that we have a *business* on our hands which is not *vain*; a business which it is our *wisdom*, our *honor*, our *glory* to attend to; our *folly* and our *misery* to neglect. We have more at *stake* than a dull *repetition* of the gratification of our *senses*, or the fond amusement of *fancy* and *opinion*, *pride* or *ambition*. Let the thoughtless multitude *laugh*, or *sing*, or *dance*; let them triumph in *jollity*, or in *pomp*, they will grow *tired*; such pleasures last but a little while, but the joys of *piety* and *virtue* do not *cloy*; these will remain whilst *reason* can act *freely*; and *reason*, if we attend to its dictates, will guide us safe to the end of our journey, till we change the *objects* of *this*, for those of *another state*.

Let us consider how wonderfully *nature* performs her task, and learn to perform *ours*. Even in the great article of life and death, what the poet says is almost literally true, that we are gently conducted to the grave,

*"Taught half by reason, half by mere decay,
To welcome death, and calmly pass a-
way!"*

Would any one *wish* for more? Is it not enough that our *glass* runs out *fairly*? If life becomes vain "from this consideration, that we "hardly find the *key* of it, before it opens "the *gates* of death," the cause is most apparent. We discover early what is pleasant and what is painful to us; that virtue leads to pleasure, and vice to pain; but still we *act* as if vice led to pleasure, and virtue to pain. Neglecting our own observation and experience we submit to the guidance of passion and appetite, for a momentary relief, and then complain of the inability of *reason* to make us happy; or in other words, that *life is vain*; when we should still say, that *man is vain* when he seeks for happiness in any thing but

virtue.

virtue. This being laid down as a principle, it may with great truth be said of the virtuous sensible man, who has seen what life *really* is, and for this reason amongst others, is contented to die,

*"From nature's temperate feast be rose well
 " satisfy'd,*

*"Thank'd GOD that he had liv'd, and that he
 " dy'd.*

Surely this is not *vanity*! nor is it so, I hope, to receive instruction from these poetical sentences. Therefore with the poet,

*"Let us, (since life can little more supply,
 " Than just to look about us, and to die,) "*
consider attentively for what *end* our being is given us, and by what *means* to attain that *end*. *Happiness* is the object in view, not of *this life* only, but of a *future state* also. From our *eagerneſs* to grasp that *ſlender* portion of *felicity* which this world affords, let us try to form some idea of those *permanent joys* which we have in reversion; and hence we may also be induced to *quicken* our endevors towards the attainment of those joys; that whether it

please

pleases heaven to make our abode in these *regions of mortality* of very *long* or *short* duration, very pleasant or very painful, still we may be always *ready* and *willing* to launch into *eternity*. We are endowed with powers to stand immoveable, tho' it were amidst a falling world: no *evil* ought to *frighten*, much less to *confound* us. If it is *not* very great, we shall be able to make an end of it; and if it is very great, it will make an end of us, so far as regards our temporal state, but still we look forward to a blissful eternity!

Virtue has charms to inspire us with resignation to whatever shall happen. *With* virtue we can hardly *despair*; without it we can hardly *hope*. Virtue is the *means*, the only means of obtaining our *end*: whilst we are *virtuous* we shall never grow *dissatisfied* with life, for dissatisfaction arises chiefly from a wretched satiety which virtue never knows. If the virtuous mind can hardly be at variance with *itself*, nor yet with the *world*, *resignation*, *hope*, *comfort*, *pleasure*, *joy*, will be its constant attendants. If life is a *prelude* to *eternity*,

nity, it cannot for that very reason be considered as a vain thing, or a scene of vanity. On the contrary, under these circumstances we shall ever desire to *live*, as long as nature appoints; and then we can hardly fail of being *contented to die*.

If life is not vain, the *complaint* that it is so constitutes one of our greatest misfortunes; and whence comes it that wise men have so often complained, in such pathetic terms, of the *vanity of life*? Have they not pried *too deeply* into things, and bewildered themselves; or, conscious of their own iniquities, have tried to deceive themselves and not to distinguish the real cause of the evil? Let us freely enquire of *our own hearts*, if we have had the same *active belief*, not merely a *passive assent*, but I say the same *active belief* and *assent of mind*, which we are so liberal in declaring with our *tongues*, That *there is a GOD!*—That the soul *is immortal!*—That there is a state of *rewards for good*, as well as *punishments for evil*; would it still be a subject of complaint, that *life is a scene of vanity*? Or would it be delightfully

employed in the *service* and *adoration* of that GOD? And if his *infinite wisdom* and *goodness* has appointed to *every thing* its *proper end*, how can the *life of man be vanity?* Farewell.
I am yours, &c.

L E T T E R XLVI.

To the same.

M A D A M,

Wednesday.

FROM the consideration whether life is *vain*, we are led to the contemplation of his existence who is the *divine author* of it, and has made *nothing in vain*. I take for granted, that no one in his right mind hesitates a moment to acknowledge the *belief of a GOD*. Whence could you, or I, or any rational being, derive our reason, and all the faculties of the soul, but from some *first cause*, which possesses these powers in perfection? Or what workman could even contrive, much less execute so admirable a piece of machinery, as a human body, but some *Agent*, whose wisdom,

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know-

knowledge, and power, is incomprehensible to our finite capacities? How can such effects be without a cause; and what could this cause be less than a GOD? This belief is not only founded in *reason*, and the almost universal consent of mankind, but *reason* is corroborated by *faith*, faith in an invisible and incomprehensible being, derived from the evidence of things not seen with the eye of sense. *Reason* and *faith* having received a satisfactory testimony, our very *senses* also compel us to acknowledge this great truth. What do we see, or hear, or feel, if we attempt to trace it to a first cause, which doth not enforce the belief of a GOD? Look up to the *heavens*; behold the sun, moon, and stars; or down on the earth, and ask yourself, if every object does not proclaim his existence, together with his wisdom and power?

I.

"The spacious firmament on high,
"And all the blue etherial sky,
"And spangled heavens, a shining frame;
"Their great original proclaim:

II.

II.

" Soon as the evening stars prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the list'ning earth,
Declares the story of her birth.

III.

" While all the stars around her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Proclaim the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

IV.

" What tho', in solemn silence, all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
What tho' no real voice, nor sound,
Amidst their radiant orbs be found:

V.

" In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine!"

Indeed if we observe attentively, either the calm or tremendous operations of nature : if we mark only common appearances ; the amazing beauty and variety of the visible world ; the wonderful powers of *human reason*, and the order of *moral agents* : do they not all convince the *philosopher*, and the *peasant*; the *Christian* and the *Jew*; the *Mahomedan*, and the *Heathen*, of the dominion of a first cause, from which all things derive their existence, and on which all things must necessarily depend ?

"Tis not, when men think at all, that they entertain a doubt concerning the being of a god, or that in him they live, they move, think, and enjoy their very being ; but we acquire a habit of inattention, derived partly from education, and partly from the practice of offending against divine laws, to the very sense and meaning of our own words. We often speak of GOD and his *attributes*, and of our *dependance* on him, without thinking of him or them. The Jews of old never mentioned the name *Jehovah* without a *pause*. The great Mr.

Boyle used always to pause when he mentioned the name of the supreme being. The mind cannot collect its powers to do the homage which we owe to God, without a pause: and if this practice were once introduced amongst Christians, light and idle talkers would be silenced with indignation. *Adieu.*

L E T T E R XLVII.

To the same.

M A D A M,

Thursday,

Y O U demanded next what notions I entertained of the *immortality of the soul*? I told you that I endeavored to adopt a principle which might relieve the anxious researches of my own heart, whether it corresponded with the general received opinion of other men or not. 'Tis with difficulty we collect our thoughts on this important subject. By a habit of *acting* inconsistent with this belief, our *hearts*, I am sorry to say it, do not seem to have an exact correspondence with our *tongues*.

Q 3

From

From what I remark of others; from what I observe of the operations of my own mind, with all the attention I am capable of supporting; when my *senses* are composed, and the avenues to my heart guarded; when my soul makes herself her own object, I rise superior to all earthly concerns; I forget I have a body; I feel the influence of a *power* which tells me I am *immortal!*

The arguments drawn from my *reason* co-operate with my *faith*, neither of which will suffer my *understanding* to doubt of the authority of divine writ; whilst the purity and consistency of revelation draws my *heart* also to subscribe to it. As sure then as we are thinking beings; as sure as the christian religion is not a fraud to delude mankind, the soul is *immortal*: it *can* and *does* exist after its separation from the body.

Without attempting to puzzle you, or myself, concerning the *immateriality* of the soul, as deducible from the nature of its powers, what meaning have we when we say, "What will become of me when I am dead?" Common

mon sense teaches us to consider the soul as very different in substance from the body. Every peasant, every child knows the body will moulder into dust: but the rustic, who in a fit of the stone, said, “ If I could once get this breath of mine out of my body, I would take care it should never get in again,” was it not from a consciousness of an existence after death, separate from his body? His declaration by no means implies that he ever once thought of ceasing to be; he only wished to be free from pain, and supposed he should be happy some how, or some where. This is the case of the most part of mankind, tho’ some few can talk abstractedly on the subject. To us, as christians, these are no difficulties; ’tis enough that we resign ourselves into the hands of our Maker, and believe we shall be happy.

Whatever the *instinct* of beasts may be, their powers, tho’ they resemble reason, are surely of a very different nature: they cannot be considered as creatures which are accountable: they give no tokens of any apprehension of the being of a GOD. But for the reasons, I appre-

hend, they are not accountable, it is as plainly deducible, from the nature of my thoughts, and the freedom with which I act, that I am an accountable being. Was there no other reason for this belief, methinks the consciousness of this simple proposition, would convince me that my soul is immortal. Surely it must be immortal,

" Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond
desire,

" This longing after immortality ?

" Or whence this secret dread, and inward
horror

" Of falling into nought ?

Whether I should have entertained a belief that my soul will exist after death, had I been nourished by a wolf, and bred in a forest like a savage beast, I do not think essential to enquire : let it suffice that the free exercise of my reason, as improved by society, furnishes me with the means of arriving at the knowledge of a truth so essential to my happiness. As I now deliver my thoughts to you, I have read, and heard others talk on this subject. It is

thus we mutually improve and assist each other; mankind are not equally enlightened, nor have we all the same opportunities of knowledge, but it is one of the social duties to communicate our thoughts. Truth darts its beams on the soul: we catch the *sacred fire*; and *reason* assents to that which *reason* was given us to *see*, and to *confess*.

Since it is so repugnant to the dictates of *reason*, to believe that a *man*, after death, is in no better state than a *dog*; since it is so natural to the soul to

“ *Sbrink back and startle at destruction,*” we must hence also conclude, that it is *immortal*. But can we hesitate a moment to adopt the belief of what is so explicitly revealed by GOD himself in the scriptures? Take these from us, and we are bewildered in an inextricable labyrinth! And what can fire the soul with a nobler *ambition*, than the hopes of obtaining eternal life? We are assured of victory if we exert our strength; but if we do not combat, we must die; we shall be lost and undone for ever! Ask yourself fairly, what can *reason*,
with what

what can the *natural greatness* of the soul, desire more? What stronger intimations of a future state can we wish for, to animate our pursuits, than such as we have received? What are not men *doing*; what are they not *suffering* to preserve a precarious temporal existence? But when we have so *vast*, so important an object at stake, where is *reason* when we remain dull and inactive? Where is *reason* when we amuse ourselves with *trifles*?

We may forget that we are *Christians*, but can we cease to believe the *immortality* of the soul? Can we adopt the *tenets* of *Jews*, or *Mahomedans*, or even of some *Pagans*, without believing it? However the mind might labor under the ignorance in which it was once involved, the common dictates of *reason*, if we could separate them from the religion we profess, plead irresistibly in behalf of this great truth. Let us think on this subject constantly and seriously; and let us be as ingenuous as serious. If we deal fairly by others, let us remember the justice due to ourselves. No sooner does the mind contemplate its own powers,

than we feel the influence of that superior power from whence its existence is derived.

"Tis the divinity that stirs within us,

"Tis heaven, itself that points out an here-

"after,

"And intimates eternity to man!"

GOD! man's freedom of acting! virtue! vice! happiness! misery! the distinct ideas of these, enforce the belief of each other, and call on us aloud, *Remember thy soul is immortal! Farewell!*

LETTER XLVIII.

To the same.

MADAM,

Thursday.

IF the great object of the soul is the GOD from whom it is derived; who made us and the world; who made all that is made; how unworthy it is the admirable endowments of our nature, and the great law of life, "that the children of this world should be so much wiser, in their generation, than the children of light :" that is, that mankind should know

so well how to conduct the common affairs of the world, and be ignorant or inattentive towards him who made the world ! We should think that man very foolish as well as very ungrateful, who forgot the *donor* of the stately edifice, through a ridiculous solicitude how to arrange the pictures in a certain apartment of it, especially if he depended on his further bounty for the support of it.

To *think* of God, and to practise *virtue* in obedience to his laws, is the supreme happiness of men ; and not to think of him, or to be *vicious*, will as certainly render us miserable. Adopt this as a *principle* ; adhere to it ; follow it ; part with your life, but never abandon it either in *theory*, or in *practice*. To receive the deeper impression of it, we must take into the consideration our *whole* existence, and not the moments of a transitory life only. We must consider this as our *business*, and by discharging, or omitting this duty, judge of ourselves if we are in our *right minds* or not. The remark which has been made, I think it is by a Spanish writer, is but too true ; that man-kind

kind may be divided into two classes, *fools* and *madmen*: *fools* when they do not believe the great truths of *religion*; and *madmen* when they believe, and do not act consistent with such belief.—Be it your task to obviate the imputation of folly, and madness also. *Farewell.*
I am yours, &c.

LETTER XLIX.

To the same.
MADAM,

Thursday.

If happiness will certainly follow virtue, and misery vice, it was but natural to ask what notion I entertained of rewards and punishments after death? And what may immediately follow the separation of soul and body?

The proper question is, what are we to do to inherit eternal life? You know our Saviour's answer was, "to love GOD with all our heart, with all our soul, with all our strength, with all our mind, and our neighbour as ourselves."

"selves." Yet we do not appear capable of reaching to the *height* of virtue to which the mind aspires. I suppose, no man ever reached to the summit of his own longings after virtue; or acted up fully and entirely to his own idea of it. This is another proof that the soul is immortal; or, in other words, that we are *made*, and *intended* by the *Maker*, for a state of greater perfection, than our present state is capable of.

Every rational being must be well assured, from the deductions of *reason*, and also from the *written law of GOD*, that in order to be happy after death, the virtuous part of our character must *preponderate*: but who can comfort themselves in this article, who do not endeavor to be *completely virtuous*? We ought, in a religious sense, to have GOD in *all* our thoughts: the more we *obey* him, the more we shall *delight* to *think* of him; and the more we think of him, the more the soul will, by degrees, be prepared to enjoy heaven. As soon as we are removed, by death, from the objects which, *in some measure*, obstruct the free operations of

the mind in our present state ; having no longer any bar or hindrance, we shall enjoy all the happiness which we can now conceive to be the lot of the most happy on earth ; and a great deal more, of which we can have no conception. The *ambition* which is natural to the soul, and with which we see the bravest spirits fired, upon the greatest occasions, I suppose, will then be *gratified* : the thirst with which we languish after virtue, will be relieved, and *completely satisfied*. And thus

“ *The unpolluted temple of the mind,*”

“ *May turn unchangeably to the soul’s essence*

“ *Till all be made immortal.*”

We are told, it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive the full extent of either rewards or punishments. It seems to be as vain to attempt fixing their limits, as to form adequate ideas of infinite mercy, or infinite justice ? One of the sins we are apt to fall into, is being *curious*, beyond the bounds prescribed by religion. I do not mean, however, to condemn your enquiries ; I should think myself

happy,

happy, if I could give you any satisfaction. My belief is, that we shall enjoy a foretaste of the felicity of blessed spirits, or suffer some degree of the miseries of the damned, immediately after death. I have no notion of existence without consciousness ; or of consciousness without pain or pleasure ; more than I have of being mortal, and immortal, at the same time : but to what degree our consciousness after death will rise, heaven only knows. Were there no consciousness, we might say, with *Hamlet*,

“ To die,—to sleep,—no more.”

but, with him, we must add,

“ To die,—to sleep ;—to sleep, perchance to
“ dream !

“ Ay there’s the rub ; for in that sleep of
“ death

“ What dreams may come, when we have
“ shuffled off

“ This mortal coil !”—

Our habit of thinking, be it good or evil, I believe, will remain with us : and it is generally observed, that as we live, we die.

And

And here give me leave to observe, that it is not uncommon to mistake a *desire*, or *intention*, to devote ourselves *entirely* to the practice of virtue, for that *real* change which such devotion of ourselves implies: but unless we fix clear and determinate points, in which we suppose virtue consists; and observe them when fixed; in resolving to be *virtuous*, we really resolve on we know not what. There is a great deal of self-deceit in taking that for virtue which is not virtue, as there is in being satisfied with a small portion of virtue, when it is in our power to acquire a great one.

But since death closes all accounts with regard to our *probation*, or our ability of doing any thing acceptable to GOD; however interesting this enquiry, about immediate pain or pleasure may be, considered in the light of inducing us to *live well*, it is otherwise but an *empty* speculation; and perhaps it is for this reason we have so few lights to guide ourselves by.

As *hope* is so pleasing a passion, and *fear* so painful, our consciousness may consist in something similar to them. The measure of our

present virtue or vice, to which the decrees of heaven appoint such a future pleasing or painful condition, can be discovered only by the trial.

And what shall we gain by supposing that we shall *sleep* till the great day of accounts? We know not when that day will come; be it *ten*, or *ten thousand* years distant; be the interval ever so great between the point of time, in which our consciousness ceases, and that in which it is restored to us, it must appear but as a moment.

Not to amuse ourselves with vague conjectures, we may contemplate the parable of the *rich man* and *Lazarus*. We may also draw instruction from the declaration of our Saviour to the penitent thief: his words are, “*To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise.*” Divines have taken care to guard us against the presumptuous sin of deferring our repentance, and explained the folly of resting our hopes on this singular incident. It is very plain, however, this was a *good man*, at this time, tho’ he was condemned to suffer death for theft.

But

But if the soul preserves its consciousness after death; if the penitent thief was to enter upon a state of pleasure; the impenitent one, we may presume, would enter upon a state of pain. The case might be singular as to the forgiveness of sins, upon the supposed late repentance; but we cannot imagine it was so, as to the promise of immediate bliss in a future state.

As a further motive to this opinion, concerning pleasure or pain, immediately after death, let us consider the nature of the soul, and the pleasure which generally attends good actions, and good thoughts; and the pain we suffer from the contrary, in our present state, immediately after the commission. Upon this principle it is almost demonstrable, that we may carry heaven or hell with us, in our own breast, into the regions of departed souls. This notion also seems to add weight to the motives which rouse us to a sense of virtue; let us therefore adopt the belief of it, remembering, that the precepts of our religion forbid us to perplex ourselves about unnecessary knowledge.—We are

commanded to proceed on our way with ~~com-~~
fort and hope :

"Hope bumbly then, with trembling pinions
"soar,

"Wait the great teacher death, and GOD
"adore;

"What future bliss, he gives not thee to
"know,

"But gives that hope to be thy comfort
"now.

May your hope find its object in the bliss of
happy spirits ! Adieu. I am yours, &c.

LETTER L.

To the same.

MADAM,

Thursday.

MUCH more may be said in two hours
conversation, than any man, in his senses,
would attempt to include in four letters ad-
dressed to a lady. In the modern way of con-
versing we fly from one topic to another, before
we can well collect our thoughts, or form any
idea

idea of what another thinks. I hope you will not reproach me because I treat you with such variety. My transitions are sudden, but I hope not absurd. I allow for those pauses which arise in *conversation*, which, by the division of my letters, you may make as long as you please.

The passions, and different tempers of men ; their various situations in life, and the *good* or *evil* arising from such causes, with regard to a *future state*, were also subjects of your enquiry. I told you *my notion*, that as GOD is infinitely wise and infinitely just, therefore it must follow that all things are weighed in the scales of *infinite justice*, and considered with *infinite mercy*. It is impossible to fathom these *attributes* ; the very attempt is impious ; neither ought we to pry into the concerns of other men ; we shall find business enough *at home* : man is a *world* to himself, and must be careful how he conducts the concerns of it.

Every son of *Adam* is *prone* to evil, and every daughter also ; but some propensities are not so much the effects of malignity of disposition,

as of the weakness and infirmity of the mind, arising from its affinity with the body;

"Hence diff'rent passions more or less inflame,

"As strong, or weak, the organs of the

"frame."

Men are often given to anger from a quickness of sensation; this impetuosity depends in some measure on the blood and animal spirits, but habit either curbs, or leaves it the *rein*. With regard to the body, those who are subject to fevers ought by all means to abstain from hard drinking; so in the soul, the causes which increase the disorders of it ought with equal care to be avoided. Virtue and Vice depend so much on the *passions*, that things appear to us in quite different lights, as these are gentle or turbulent, well, or ill governed. Mr. Pope says,

"The ruling passion, be it what it will,"

"The ruling passion governs reason still."

In his whole system of Ethics, there are not two lines so interesting. If we examine the history of mens lives, in all ages, and in all countries, we shall find many whose best and

worst

worst actions have proceeded from some predominant passion, as distinguished from the rest, and of which they have given frequent proofs in various instances. Yet I hope, tho' these lines sound very prettily, they are not strictly and literally true. In plain prose it stands thus : The strongest passion in the breast always prevails over reason ; which is the same as to say man is not a *reasonable*, but a *passionate creature*. Every breast, I believe, has its *ruling passion*, but surely reason, in every man, is not *always* subservient to such passion. Experience does not warrant such an opinion, for some men to appearance act very reasonably ; some act reasonably by fits : many are watchful of their passions, and keep their *ruling passion* within bounds. Thus it happens, that altho' the predominant inclination of the mind may give reason a *bias*, it does not therefore *govern* reason. We may grant indeed, that when this ruling passion has the greater mixture of *good*, tho' *evil* be blended with it, then Mr. Pope's remark I apprehend is strictly true ;

" Th' eternal art educating good from ill,
 " Grafts on this passion our best principle.
 " 'Tis thus the mercury of man is fix'd,
 " Strong grows the virtue with his nature
 " mix'd ;
 " The dross cements what else were too refin'd,
 " And in one interest body acts with mind."

You will find that this philosophical poet goes on to explain his meaning, particularly in this last instance, which seems to be entirely agreeable to experience, and demonstrates how *reason* and *passion* act on each other, perhaps near the same in him whose *reason* is strong, as in him whose *passions* are weak. Nor is the wisdom of providence less demonstrable, that those who have the strongest passions have generally the strongest reason. Many actions are ascribed to strength of passion, which ought rather to be charged to the weakness of reason. The poet remarks further, that our *virtues* depend so much on our *passions*, as frequently to take their rise from them, and to be interwoven with them.

" See anger, zeal, and fortitude supply ;
" Ev'n avarice, prudence ; sloth, philosophy ;
" Lust, thro' some certain strainers well refin'd,
" Is gentle love, and charms all woman-kind :
" Envy, to which th' ignoble mind's a slave,
" Is emulation in the learn'd or brave :
" Nor virtue, male or female, can we name,
" But what will grow on pride, or grow on
" Shame."

I apprehend this to be the state of the human soul. If we are not deaf to the voice of reason, we shall find the proper object of the passion, and consequently both reason and passion will be employed together in promoting our own good, and the welfare of society. But if we leave reason disregarded, the passions will arrogate the command, find themselves their objects, frustrate the true end of living, and produce misery.

From the ruling passion just mentioned, arise many of the differences we find in the dispositions and manners of men, as well as their virtues and vices : even their prosperity, and adversity in some degree depend on it. It is a great

great point to make a clear discovery of this passion, early in life, and to cherish or correct it, as we find it beneficial or injurious to ourselves or others. Many have been wreck'd without seeing their danger; and some have made war with nature, by a fierce opposition of their best good quality; or lost their wits by attempting a height of virtue which they were not capable of.

It is more easy to say what we should *not* do, than what we *should*. Our *passions*, no more than our *reason* will hardly ever be entirely at rest: they may be calm for a season, but something will arise to *ruffle* them. Happy we are, when they are only *ruffled*! To complain of being what we are, is to complain of the *author of nature*, that we are not made as we ought to be. *Man* is a *perfect* creature; as perfect, surely, in his kind, as a *horse* or a *crow*. We, indeed, have *reason* to direct us, to *choose* or to *reject*, whatever our appetites or passions may lead us to: but these animals being left to *instinct*, there can be no harm in their eating *hay*, or feeding on *carrion*.

You

You may observe further, that there is some analogy in the government of the soul and body, compared with political government: taking in the consideration of the *frailities* of human nature, the least *imperfect* form is a mixture of the *lowest* with the *highest* members of the community: so the moral government of the human soul arises from *passions* as well as *reason*. Frequent contests will arise in the *moral* as well as in the *political* government; but as the common end is *happiness*, where no unnatural violence is used on either side, the result will be *concord* and *harmony*. We find the same in the *material* world,

"Where all subsists by elemental strife,

"And passions are the elements of life."

Nor can this doctrine be in the least dangerous: we cannot err so much as to commit ourselves to the guidance of our *passions*, and think it *right* to do so. No reasonable creature doubts that the pleasures of *reason* are the *best*, that is, the most pure, durable, and exalted. That a man's greatest glory is the exercise of his reason, is as obvious as that his happiness must

arise

arise from the good government of his passions: notwithstanding this, there are few *actions* or even *thoughts* in which the passions are entirely uninterested. It is not easy even to talk of *pure abstract reason*; but how *difficult* to act up to the dictates of it! Those who in their discourses have deified *reason* most, tho' they may have been best acquainted how much the virtue and happiness of life depends on the *passions* being well regulated, have not been the less sensible of the power and influence of them. We must *endeavor* to distinguish the *dictates* of reason, from the *influence* of the passions, and make them both subservient to our duty to GOD and man.

But who can tell the exact measure of *allowance*, which will be made for our *vices* or infirmities, under the various circumstances of life? 'Tis *difficult* to obtain a small degree of knowledge of our own hearts; but *impossible* to comprehend the knowledge which GOD has of them. On the other hand, it is easy to see in many instances that we *deceive* ourselves. Men of *tender* minds, or those who search deep, are

are often depressed with the consciousness of infirmities, as if they were vices, and see every thing in the worst light. Others, of lively spirits, are apt to exult in a presumption of possessing virtues, which may be little more than the produce of pride or vanity; whilst both are willing enough to ascribe all their actions which are really good in themselves, entirely to a sense of moral obligation. The inquiry after these distinctions can hardly be reduced to any other determination than this: as there are degrees in virtue, so there are likewise in understanding, to distinguish virtue from vice: and he who offends most against the light of his own mind, other things being equal, will probably be most punished.

With regard to the passions, of pride opposed to humility; ambition to lowliness; avarice to beneficence; fear to hope; hatred to love; anger to meekness; cruelty to compassion; there is no doubt our virtue depends much on them. And not to deceive ourselves, we must not consider so much what the world will think of us, in regard to any of these; as what we think of

ourselves ; what are the *real* duties of religion and humanity ; and which is the best way to be happy hereafter as well as here. We must deal with our *hearts*, as acting under the eye of an omniscient GOD, and render all our *motives* to action, as pure, regular, and consistent as possible.

As to the government of the *thoughts*, whence our actions proceed ; such as are *irregular* must be suppressed, or scattered and diverted into other channels. To do this we ought to make it a rule, to strive to *scatter* and *divide* them ; and to *indulge* others of a contrary nature. Thus preventing *bad* thoughts growing into a *habit*, we shall acquire a *habit* of good ones ; or, at least, by opposing one habit against another, in spite of our propensity to evil, the virtuous scale will preponderate.

Perhaps the *rule* may appear as difficult to observe, as the thing itself to perform, from the pure dictates of reason, as the occasion arises, without any *formal rule* ; but I desire you will attend to my meaning. We hardly ever *think at all*, without thinking in our own, or

in

in some other *language*; and as we clothe our ideas in words, tho' in silence, so words often assist us to shape and form our ideas, as the *sight* of material objects often turns the current of our thoughts, tho' they were deeply engaged. If your reason suggests to you that you are thinking of something you should not think of; the next idea that will arise, is, that you had better think of something else, of a *different nature*. Then dress your *thoughts* in words, repeat them *aloud* if you are *alone*; if not, in a *whisper*. This task will be the more easy, if the *words* are previously agreed to by consent of the mind, to be used on such an *occasion* as now calls for them. Suppose you repeat the *Lord's-prayer*, as some pious divines have recommended. Many passages in the *Psalms* of the *supplicatory*, or *penitential* kind, or any *ejaculatory* sentences, are also extremely proper; chuse such as hit your *taste*. Nothing should be deemed *whimsical* merely because it is not commonly *practised*. Where *something* ought to be done, and *nothing* is done, it follows that the absurdity is of the negative kind.

256 PASSIONS and different TEMPERS.

Every one knows that our *thoughts*, and consequently our *actions*, our *virtues* and *vices* receive a tincture from our *constitution*, *education*, external circumstances, and the objects with which we converse; and consequently it must be our endeavor to acquire a right knowledge of these. But as we are most influenced by the *turn of mind*, which characterizes the man, and as this *turn of mind* consists chiefly in a certain *habit* of thinking, we must therefore be careful, not only *how* we think, but not to err for *want of thought*: indeed the last seldom occurs to the mind, which is not naturally thoughtful.

Tho' men differ much from each other in some respects, the human heart is so near the same, that the same *causes* generally produce the same *effects*. There is also something *epidemical* in virtue, as well as in vice; and nothing is more certain, than that we may learn how to become virtuous, as well as vicious, by imitating the conduct of others. But in passing a judgment of *others*, it must be remembered that few act consistent with *themselves*.

We

We are apt to accuse some of hypocrisy, who are really no hypocrites, but only inconstant in temper, and irresolute in their pursuits of virtue. Wicked and perverse as we are, I believe mankind in general act most against their own hearts when they are least virtuous.

After all our enquiries for the several causes of such virtues and vices as do not seem to be the result of *thought* and *design*, and which we cannot easily trace out; let these *causes* arise from the constitution of man's nature, or from *original sin*; let them be what they may, we can hardly mistake *vice* for *virtue*; nor can we cheat ourselves into a belief that we are *impelled* to act against *reason*. Nor yet can any man, in his right mind, ever doubt that *virtue is his supreme felicity*.

All things happen for good to the *good*, or in other words, that which happens is best. Without entering into a deep enquiry, it is most indubitably *best* for those who do not counteract providence, and convert that into evil which otherwise would have been good. If we examine the history of man-

kind ; if we contemplate the nature of man ; if we believe the existence of a GOD ; that he is the sovereign disposer of all events, and will reward and punish, as men obey his laws, or act in defiance of them, we shall be able to trace out, what in the language of scripture is called the *finger of GOD* in the government of the moral world. We shall clearly discover that the greatest temptations, and the worst situations and circumstances in life, afford occasion for the most heroic virtues ; such as most assuredly will render us acceptable in his sight, in comparison of which nothing which now appears great or delightful is of the least moment to us.

As to those kinds of errors to which the *good* are subject, as well as the *bad*, or those misfortunes which frequently happen to the good, and to which bad men are least exposed, we must still look forward to the *final issue*. This is *nearer* than is generally imagined ; and so long as we act for the *best* we may be assured,

" *There*

PASSIONS and different TEMPERS. 259

"There is a providence that shapes our ends,

"Rough hew them how we will."

It is impossible to form a right notion of life, in those instances, which immediately regard our tempers and inclinations, without taking in the consideration of an after-reckoning, for these are differently formed, as the organization of the body happens to be different. Tempers and inclinations are either left rude and uncultivated, or assisted by education and instruction. How seldom are they so good as to render us enamoured of virtue, for virtue's sake; yet if we take in the consideration of an after-account, the motives to correct even the worst dispositions are strong enough to render them subservient to the precepts of religion.

Farewell. I am yours, &c.

LETTER LI.

To the same.

MADAM,

Thursday.

NOW, Madam, suffer me to add another lesson of very great importance. 'Tis a standing maxim in *religion* as well as in *politics* and *war*, that *security* is our greatest enemy. From our very make we are subject to fall: nor could we as *free agents* be entitled to a *reward*, if we did not choose virtue; and if vice were unavoidable, how could we be subject to punishment?

Life is a *campaign*, in which mankind are equally engaged to bear the toils. All campaigns are not equally dangerous, nor equally laborious, but we are always obliged to submit to *discipline*, "Learn of me," says the great captain of our salvation, for "I am meek and lowly, and you shall find rest unto your souls." You may easily infer from hence, how inconsistent *pride* and *ambition*, as well as *indolence* and the love of pleasure, are with the christian religion.

religion. Consider attentively the *powers* of *resignation*; the *resignation* of the soul with all its faculties; you will then be truly sensible of the *force of religion*.

If we reflect on our own constitution and dependent state, we shall easily discover, that without an *entire resignation* to GOD, there can be no true religion. Christianity in particular, depends on *meekness*, and a *docile disposition*: its characteristic is *humility*, that *humiliation* of soul which bends the *passions*, and the corruption of human nature, to *submit* to divine laws. If we do not attentively consider these things, we shall not discover them to be true, more than we shall *understand* a language without attempting to *learn* it. This is so, not in a religious or philosophical sense only, but in *common sense*: and from hence you may learn that attention and vigilance, as well as humility and resignation, are indispensably necessary to the life of a christian.

If the scriptures have brought immortality to light; if they contain a revelation of the *will* of GOD, as I firmly believe; if by them we

learn that the great *Prince* and *Savior* of mankind, will one day come to judge the world, we must summons all our *fortitude* and *piety*, to prepare for that great event, as if it might happen *to-day*. We are sure it *will happen*; and, with respect to us, it may be *to-morrow* or *to-day*. Eternal pleasures, and eternal pains, will then be dispensed with such an equal hand, that however we may startle at the word *eternal*, we must entertain very imperfect ideas of divine justice, if we do not reason ourselves into a steady belief, that even the *wicked* themselves will approve the sentence that *condemns* them. I am yours, &c.

LETTER XXVII.

To the same.

MADAM,

Thursday,

IF we aspire at being happy *here* or *hereafter*, we must not neglect the *means* of being so: and the more plain and simple such means are, the more they ought to be esteem-

ed.

ed. Yet nothing is more frequent in common life, than to observe people aiming at things which are not *possible* to be accomplished for want of the *means*. *Philosophers* may harangue, and *divines* may preach; but if they do not bring their instruction down to the capacity of the hearer; or if he refuses to hear the voice of reason, all will be to no purpose.

Can we reasonably expect to be *religious*, without reading the *scriptures* and *religious books*? Religious conversation is not in fashion: if we cannot *converse* on these subjects, we must *read*: and *reading* will naturally qualify us to *think*. We must also *learn* to *think*, as we learn to *talk*. I believe a *method* might be taught, by which common minds might be better qualified, than they are, to exercise their own *powers*, especially in *religious* concerns; I mean a method less difficult than Mr. *Locke's*, which was never intended for the gross of mankind. Be this as it may, can we enter into the important concerns of a *future state*, without *frequently*, *silently*, and *awfully* *conversing* with *ourselves*? Impossible! What shall

we make of our *last* long reckoning? How will it be perplexed with *intricacies*, unless we account often with our *own hearts*, fairly and distinctly? Is this the language of the *pulpit*? It is the language of *reason*, and *common sense*.

If the heart is *stained*, and whose, alas, is not, we must strive to *cleanse* it; it will *not* cleanse itself. If the mind is diseased, we must seek the remedy from his prescriptions who is emphatically styled the *great physician of souls*. And with what irresistible persuasion does he invite! "Come unto me *all* that *travel* and are *heavy laden*, and I *will* refresh you." Do you believe that words exactly correspondent with these, tho' not in our language, were really spoken by the Savior of mankind? Do you believe he intended by this declaration to comfort and support, not only those who were in his company, at that time, but all the children of men, through all generations, to the end of the world? If you *do* believe, you will consider this as a very *strong* and *persuasive* invitation to accept of *mercy*. If you *do* not

not believe it, you may as well give up all pretensions to the belief of the *scriptures*.

I propose the question dogmatically; I know, *Madam*, you *believe*: but the *best trial* we can make of our own hearts, how our accounts stand with heaven, is to examine ourselves strictly if we perform our addresses to the **ALMIGHTY** in an acceptable manner. You remember the instruction given us by a very wise man: "Be not rash with thy mouth, and let not thine heart be hasty to utter any thing before GOD: for GOD is in heaven, and thou upon earth, therefore let thy words be few;" but few, as they ought to be, they may be too few, as they are always *too many*, when the mind wanders from the subject.

We are apt to flatter ourselves that all is well, when we recover from one *passion* or folly, tho' we fall into another: but this seems to be the criterion; if we can address our Maker with an attentive, a warm, and a *rational piety*, then we may hope indeed, that he will bear us. For this purpose the heart must be sincere, and, as I took occasion to re-

mark

mark in my letter on the *vanity of life*, it must not be fondly devoted to any other object, Even those pursuits which concern the love of our country, without any mixture of sordid, mean, or selfish views ; even *these* must not divert our thoughts from paying the tribute of homage and adoration to the *One Supreme*. If we propose the good of others, upon true principles, we then act so far, in a manner acceptable to GOD. The integrity of our words and actions sanctifies our lives, and is an indispensable preparative for prayer : if we *live well*, 'tis probable we shall *pray well* : but it must be remembered, that some minds are with great difficulty confined to any subject of meditation ; and unless we keep our attention awake and very close to the sense and meaning of our words, we can never perform our devotion in a manner acceptable to GOD.

We ought to consider the measure of our own strength, and this duty would become more easy. As men are endued with different talents, either by nature or education, different degrees of piety will be required ; and

if

if *one* cannot pray so attentively for a minute, as *another* for twenty, a proper distinction being made, agreeable to our own experience, we might all pray *well*, tho' the prayers of some would be very *short*.

I know a certain lady of quality, indeed she is old, who has prayers constantly in her family, as well as prayers in her closet; if she is conscious of being absent, or forgets what she is about, at any part of the prayer, she begins again.

Nor is this all, we cannot offer the incense of prayer without *zeal*; nor can we perform this duty well without an *awful* sense of *his* power and perfection to whom we address ourselves. You have often heard it said that *saying* our prayers is not praying. Prayer, by a very apt figure, is called a *sovereign balm* to *heal* the wounds which sin and folly make in the soul: but if we do not use it properly, we shall hardly obtain the *cure*.

Are not our public prayers too long? Have they breaks enough? If the priest should happen to be *lazy* or *inattentive*, or has unhappy

ly

ly so bad an *ear*, that one cannot tell if he *reads* or *sings*, should he not have some other honorable employment, as a man of virtue and learning, if he is such? Should he be permitted to act as a *leader of prayers*? Were mankind wiser, their first concern would be to obtain all the *assistance* which reason and experience can suggest; and consequently to see that priests be taught the *harmony* and *power* of *words*. Were this the case, we should still be often *cold* and *listless*; this, among many others, is an instance of human *frailty*, which I am afraid no human power can cure. But as no word ought to be addressed to GOD without an adequate idea; and as few men's ideas flow so quick, even on common subjects, as the clergy generally read, I apprehend they *generally* read a great deal too fast.

The *rich*, and those who are not *involved* in *worldly* affairs, have most advantages. Was the *evening service* of the *sabbath*, appointed only for *domestics* and *mechanics*? Among the *lower* classes of the people, we hear of some going to the gallows for breaking the *sabbath*; that

that is, they complain that their first departure from the paths of virtue, was not going to church, and totally neglecting the duty of prayer. And among the *bigger* ranks those who attend the worship of GOD, *only* in the morning, do they perform more than *half* their duty? According to the common course of things, are they not the worse christians for such omission? And will they not be accountable for it hereafter? It is obvious to common sense that this neglect took its rise from a want of piety; and is it not generally supported by laziness and luxurious indulgencies? But since I have gone so far in my researches, I must tell you with pleasure, that in *some* very polite parts of the town, one sees more people of *distinction* at their devotion, than we do in *others*, of the *lower* classes.

Instead of contenting ourselves with a mere indolent, *inactive* belief of a GOD, and of our dependance on his *providence*, we ought to make use of *all* opportunities to demonstrate the *impression* this belief makes upon us, by every proper act of devotion. There are cer-

tain

tain times that call for our acknowledgements in so high a degree, that when we withhold them, we deny, *in fact*, that GOD is the benevolent *Lord* of all we enjoy. We usually say with transport, upon the arrival of any good news, “thank GOD!”—But it is not the fashion at many *great* tables, nor at all *little* ones, to give any testimony of acknowledgement to him for our daily bread.

You may have heard old people talk of the ancient custom in *great* families of keeping *chaplains*. Was it the fault of the *lord*, or the *priest*, that this custom was discontinued? I fear piety has not gained any ground upon it. Indeed we are told a *strange* and *wonderful* story of a young nobleman, who is his own *chaplain*, and reads prayers in his own family. I hope it is *true*, and that such reports will not always be wonderful: that men distinguished with great titles and great fortunes, will not act, in this respect, like the lowest and meanest of mankind; nor think themselves unqualify'd for the affairs of this *transitory* state, should they bestow a proper care on the momentous concerns of *eternity*.

As

As to the practice of *fanatics* praying over their meat till it was *cold*; this being enthusiastic, if not hypocritical, we are fallen into the contrary extreme, and refining upon the too great *formality* of former ages, are become a *graceless* generation. *Grace*, as it is vulgarly called, is either not said at *all*, or *only said*. You must have often observed, that the common words, “*For what we are going to receive,*” “*the Lord make us thankful,*” are hurried over as a matter of *form*, seldom heard by *half* the company, and never regarded by a *quarter* of it. Even your middling sort of people, whose fortunes give them no title to be fashionably irreligious, are fashionable enough in this respect. Is not this absurd? is it not trifling with the **ALMIGHTY**? We see, in this instance, a *coldness* and *indifference* to religious concerns, which is almost become the characteristic of this nation. It is indeed the contrary extreme to *superstition*; yet it is an evil of so dangerous a nature, that we ought to *shudder* at the thought of it.

Among

Among the few who keep up the seriousness and recollection which becomes every kind of prayer, can you hear *grace* pronounced in a *proper manner*, without confessing a **GOD**, and acknowledging your dependance on him for your support? If we do not collect our thoughts on this occasion, we had better not repeat the *words*, which are intended to excite correspondent *ideas*. Those who cannot pray over their meat for a *quarter of a minute*, (for I would not recommend such prayer to be longer) how can they pray at church, as they pretend to do, for *three quarters of an hour*? Suppose the *grace* were to this effect;—*Supply, O LORD, the necessities of other men; and inspire our hearts with gratitude for thy continual mercies to us, for the sake of our redeemer Jesus Christ.* If the daily repetition of any particular form of prayer destroyed its effect on the mind, we might change it: but the same objection may be urged against all forms in the public worship of **GOD**. The fault lies in a *habit of inattention*, not in the *form of prayer*.

Do

Do we mean what we say, even when we acknowledge a GOD, the supreme governor of the world, who exacts the *constant* homage of his creatures? Or do we talk like parrots? If we think ourselves bound at any time when we pray, to be attentive, why not at this? If we perform the duty of prayer as a ceremonial, which we had rather excuse, there is very little reason to hope it will be acceptable, but there is great reason to fear it will be punished as an affront to the *majesty* of Heaven. If prayer is the *proper* means of intercourse between man and his Maker, and by the power of it the most intimate connexion possible is created: and if we are dependent on GOD for our very being, the most transient thought of such a state must rouse every one who has any capacity to contemplate his own existence. Whilst the whole host of heaven are singing *balehujabs* to their great Creator: whilst the *beavens* rejoice, “ Let the “ *earth* be glad; for he cometh—for he “ cometh to judge the world, in *righteousness*, “ and in *truth*.” This consideration ought to fire the soul of man with a noble ambition, to

imitate *angels*, than whom he is made but a little lower: it ought to inspire him with such a joyful hope in the mercy of GOD, on which his future happiness depends; with such a confidence in his *truth* and justice, as to render prayer the most *delightful*, as it is the most exalted duty of man. *Farewell.*

LETTER LIII.

To the same.

MADAM,

Thursday

IF I have suggested any thought to you which falls in with your own way of thinking; or if you have any partiality for the author of these letters, you will read them with at least as much attention as they *deserve*; and let the dignity of the subject atone for such defects as you may discover in them.

The next topic was *charity*; that which I particularly desire of you is, to be the *better* for what I am *writing*. *Resolve* to be the *better*, and you are so. I need not remind you, that charity is the *virtue* which covers a *multitude* of sins: You have *some*, I suppose; I dare say you

you would be glad to atone for them in a manner so agreeable to your natural disposition, " Shut up alms in thy store-houses; " and it shall deliver thee from all affliction." This is a strong figure to express the belief that our *truest*, if not our *only riches*, in the sight of GOD, is the *charity* we have bestowed on others. The mind which constantly cherishes a habit of beneficence, perpetually offers incense to the GOD of heaven and earth. Humanity exercised to all creatures, is an imitation of the divine mercy. Those who indulge themselves in this pleasure, in every action of life, are objects delightful to GOD and men.

Our public charities, in this island, are very extensive: but if we employed less money, and more attention, *politically* as well as *morally* considered, there would be much less misery amongst us. Some acts of beneficence are productive of great mischiefs: we feed many who can work, and suffer some to perish who *cannot*. What a reproach is it to a nation, a humane intelligent nation, that the

naked, the *aged*, the *blind*, the *maimed*, the *fickly*, women with children at their breast, and children without parents or friends, should be left to disgrace human nature; by being exposed in our streets! Either these objects wickedly impose upon the humanity of the passenger, and ought to be corrected by the civil magistrate; or they are in real distress, and yet are suffered to pine in want and misery. In either case the law is *defective*, or it is not observed.

You thought it strange when I rebuked you for giving money to a *common beggar*. This is one of the circumstances which often distresses me. When I feel the impulse of humanity in the sufferings of a fellow-creature: when I reflect on that admonition, “ Turn not thy face from any *poor man*, and the **LORD** will not hide himself from thee,” I am afflicted; I wish my pockets were filled with pence. On the other hand, I am entirely convinced that it is an excellent law, which forbids the giving money to common beggars, in the streets, under the penalty of forty shillings.

lings. Was no money given in this manner, no beggars would be found there ; and the sums appropriated to the relief of the indigent, would answer the end of all charities. We should then think it scandalous to suffer any object to languish in distress ; whereas our streets are now full of them, and we are familiarized to misery.

I have heard the poors rate computed at *three millions and a half* ; and, including our public hospitals, that one twentieth part of the inhabitants of this island are provided for by the public. I believe charity, like many good things, is much abused in this nation, and that much greater *skill* is required in the conduct of them, than is yet bestowed : but I apprehend the sum in question does not exceed a million and a half ; and this sum is about a thirtieth part of the annual expence of the whole island. This would not be the case, were there more attention in the making laws relating to charities ; or, which I take to be the case, if there was more virtue in the executing of them. Here again we discover that

the happiness of states, as well as of individuals, depends on virtue.

Never to give to an object in the streets, must blunt the edge of their affections, who walk much, and see them often. "Let it not grieve thee to bow down thine ear to the poor; and give him a friendly answer with meekness," is the language of humanity; but as the case now stands, we must leave them with a careless indifference, if not an insolent contempt.

To remedy this evil in some measure, and yet pay honor to the law, which is calculated for very wise purposes, the most obvious method is to appropriate a certain sum to the relief of the indigent, where we can be assured it is well employed: but this will be no easy task, unless you keep a purse for the purpose, distinct from all other expence: remember that those are best able to give, whose prudence and generosity go hand in hand, and mutually assist each other. The rich, who know not what, nor to whom they give, must dispense

dispense their charity very sparingly, or become beggars themselves.

I have often thought, that the *cloathing* or employing one single person, who seems to be under the protection of no human being, is far better than the precarious temporary relief of numbers who profess beggary, and, if I may use the expression, *thrive* by it. How many miserable wretches live in rags, with their bodies maimed or sickly, on purpose to extort charity ! Proper objects who droop in secret, may nevertheless be *found*, if we seek for them; and the relief of such seems to be one of the noblest kinds of private charity. By being acquainted with their sad story, you will receive such impressions of their sufferings, as no transient regard can create ; and whilst you show mercy, you will as certainly receive it.

Heaven certainly beholds with favor the tears of commiseration; but we generally check, if not conceal our sense of human misery: I question whether there is not as much *false modesty* in charity, as in *devotion*. The pure dictates of humanity would lead us to a

thousand generous actions which we do not perform, for no other reason, I believe, than that it is not the *custom*; or that we are afraid of being thought singular. "Glorify thy soul, " in *meekness*, but give it *honor* according to "the *dignity* thereof," is a very important and wise admonition; but our present *light behavior* leads us to think most honorably of such things as are most *pompous* and *shining*, tho' these should exhibit the strongest proofs of *splendid infamy*. Our best actions have generally some tincture of vanity; but we must not refine too much; we need but ask ourselves this simple question: "Will the thing I am doing, be acceptable in the sight of *God*?" *Farewell.*

LET

LETTER LIV,

To the same.

MADAM,

Thursday.

THO' it is natural to the mind to court pleasure and to shun pain; yet when reason tells us that some pleasures, which we are apt to covet, lead to pain; and some pains to pleasure, we must discard reason as an officious intruder, or learn to make a true estimate of our happiness. From this state of the question we frequently discover, that to make others happy, is the shortest way to be happy ourselves.

This seems to be the order which Divine Providence has appointed; and till we extinguish our native sense of mercy, love, compassion, and all those impressions which most exalt and dignify human nature, we shall really find what the poet says is strictly true,

"*The broadest mirth unfeeling folly wears,*

"*Less pleasing far than virtue's very tears.*"

To be glad with the joyful is a duty; and we may sometimes laugh with the gay; but it is

no

no common excellence in man or woman to rejoice or mourn with a good grace, that is in a proper manner and in due season. Those who watch the motions of their *own hearts*, and understand a little of what is passing in *other peoples*, will never be truly satisfied with themselves, till they feel a great degree of the joys or sorrows of others. The highest of all pleasures is the gratification of that benevolence, which has nothing less for its object, than the good of *all mankind*.

This turn of mind will sometimes betray us into such deviations from the common track of life, as may expose us to the imputation of singularity : but let that be as it may, we ought to consult reason and nature ; and whilst we take a prudent care to shun such circumstances as may weaken our reputation for judgment and sound sense, we ought to be more concerned about their real improvement than the mere reputation of them, or a scrupulous regard to forms.

The pleasure I have just mentioned, is more exalted than common minds can reach.

But

But if we go into the *little* world, in the circle of our own acquaintance, we shall find business enough to exercise ourselves. Anguish of heart is an evil which grows in every soil, and tho' in this case also there is always some hazard of being thought *officious* or *impertinent*, yet we may, in a very consistent manner, find frequent occasions to alleviate this misfortune. The exercise of *tenderness* and *compassion*, even in words, has a magic power to heal the mind, and charm it into *peace*. Thus, as far as we are able, we imitate the apostle when he made this declaration, “*Silver and gold I have none, but such as I have, give I unto thee;*” and at the same time worked a *miracle* to cure a disease of the body. Nor is it at all essential that we should possess great *fortunes* to perform great *actions*: in the sight of GOD, and even in the eyes of men, we often find that actions which in themselves can be of no great consequence to the community, yet set the actor in the highest point of view. The poet expresses this thought with regard to men in humble life in very pretty words,

“ Large

"Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
"Heaven did a recompence as largely send:
"He gave to misery ('twas all he had) a tear;
"He gain'd from heaven, ('twas all he wiss'd)
"a friend."

The composing of differences amongst friends, relations, or acquaintance, is likewise a duty of no mean rank. The desire of speaking well of others; to be always ready to do it; to suppress evil reports, and to take nothing upon popular rumor, are duties which will give proof, not of the goodness of your heart only, but of your head also. Credulity in matters of indifference, is a distinguishing mark of weakness; but where the welfare of another person is concerned, it has a great mixture of malevolence. Little minds are generally fond of depreciating merit, but great ones are always superior to calumny. We ought to cherish such a habit of benevolence, that even the ingratitude of others should not excite our reproaches, unless we think the offender can be reformed by them. The impressions we receive of the conduct of others, often lead us into

into gross mistakes on the worst side. But in every case

"Great minds, like heav'n, are pleas'd with
"good,

"Two' th' ungrateful objects of their bounty

"Are barren in return."

"There is not a fault more common to your sex, than that of depreciating one another: and I am sorry to say, this prevails more in England than in any other country I have seen. Even the polite world often err in this respect. You remember the rebuke given by a certain lady to her fellow visitors. Observing that they were severe on every one that left the company; when she took her leave, she said, "Ladies, I hope you will be as indulgent to me as possible." We should be careful in this instance even for our own sakes, since it is a proof we want understanding, if we expect more than neighbor's fare.

Women are apt to forget that every daughter of Eve has something peculiar in her voice, person, and manners; and sometimes in her dress too; not from choice but accident. You

do

do not sufficiently distinguish *infirmitie*s from *faults*; nor whether these ought to be ascribed to *nature*, or to a *wrong education*. It ought likewise to be remembered that in the whole list of mens vices there is not one more *foolish* than hasty decisions upon the characters of others, condemning in the lump, for faults or defects which are merely accidental; and can hardly give us any idea of that which really constitutes a *character*. In the mean while you may be well assured, that the seeds of *famatiōn* once sown, are not easily eradicated: and every *repetition* of evil report, spreads a cloud of *darkness* over the *moral world*. I have no great faith in the doctrine of *sympathy* or *antipathy*; but it is surprising how *flāndēr*, or injurious words, are known to those against whom they are levelled; insomuch that it is the most absurd thing imaginable, to expect to be *well spoken of*, whilst we speak *ill* of others. The admonition given by the wiseman is excellent: “ Curse not the *king*, nor *not* in thy *thought*; and curse not the *rich* in thy *bedchamber*, for a bird of the air shall carry

"the voice, and that which hath wings shall tell
"the matter." The advice is founded in good
policy, but charity forbids us to defame under
pain of everlasting punishment. It is very em-
phatically said, and as true of your sex as of
mine, that "a man of ill tongue is dangerous
in his city, and he that is rash in his talk,
shall be hated." This, Madam, is no satire
upon you; I do not remember to have ever
heard you speak ill of any human being.

Charity with regard to general benevolence
leads us yet a great way farther; we must
learn to bear the ill manners of some, and the
ignorance of others; to compassionate the proud;
to forgive the revengeful; and, in general, to
support such a habit of good-will towards
mankind, as will dispose us not only to defend
the poor from oppression, and to preserve the
indigent, but also to be ready even to die for
the service of mankind.

If nothing is truly our own, but that which
we have given to others, to be rich in the sight
of GOD, is to be charitable. What is the
wealth of India to the man who is taking his
leave

leave of this world? And what slender security have we of remaining in it for a single day! We ought, therefore, to check our solicitude about the remote consequences of things, and be glad of opportunities of doing good. I am in easy circumstances, my neighbor is in distress; if I enter into the merits of his case, I shall do a *good action*. Reason no farther; for if you add, "if I do not enter into the merits of his case, I shall deliver myself from such and such inconveniences; my children will have the more money hereafter; I shall be in a capacity to indulge myself in such and such gratifications." If you reason thus, 'tis a great chance but you fall short of the duties which religion and humanity require of you.

We are all too apt to *droop* or *exult* as we imagine others think us *wretched* or *happy*.

"Abstract what others feel what others think,

"All pleasures ficken and all glories sink."

This is true indeed in a limited sense of almost all worldly glory. By leaving our own *reason* out of the question, we are I say too apt to build our *satisfaction* on the sandy foundation

of

of the caprice or false judgment of others. Thus we live the *duper*s of each other's folly ; and, as if we were inclosed within a *magic circle*, we dance round till we are intoxicated, and lose all sense and ability how to extricate ourselves.

But solid virtue which has *heaven* for its object, will never lose itself, or bend to such submissions. We ought to live for *others*, not for ourselves ; yet not as *slaves* to their *opinion*, but as *ministring spirits*, and the instruments of providence, to relieve their *wants* of body and soul. Happiness or misery must ultimately center in *self* ; but a small share of understanding will discover the difference between a *virtuous* and *vicious self-love*.

" Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to
" wake,

" As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake.

" The center mov'd, a circle straight succeeds,

" Another stilt, and still another spreads.

" Friend, parent, neighbor, first it will en-
" brace,

" Our country next, and next all human race,

" Wide, and still wide, th' o'erflowings of his
 " mind,
 " Takes every creature in of every kind :
 " Earth smiles around with boundless bounty
 " bless'd,
 " And heaven beholds its image in his breast."

These lines of Mr. Pope seem very prettily and philosophically to correct the vulgar notion concerning the meanness of human nature, with regard to our doing nothing but with a view to our own advantage. Virtue will certainly be rewarded, but the self-love or self-advantage which extends to a claim of the rewards of virtue after death, has, humanly speaking, no mixture of mean or malignant selfishness in it. On the contrary, the wisdom of God is demonstrated in the amazing order and design in which the happiness of his creatures in their present state co-incides with their obedience to him, and their felicity in a future state, which is the reward of such obedience.

I have somewhere met, I believe it is in Mr. Pope's thoughts, a strong recommendation of charity, to this effect: "I believe," says the author,

author, "that no man will be saved without charity, and no man damned *with* it." Not to enter into the merits of this opinion, we have an indubitable authority, in the words of a better author, *St. Paul*, for the true properties of this cardinal virtue, which leads men, as far as they can go, in the imitation of their maker. The life of our *Saviour* upon earth, was one uninterrupted scene of charity. "He went about doing good :" Such was his tenderness, he was often seen to weep for the miseries which vice and folly had introduced into the world. He told the women of Jerusalem, to weep for themselves and for their children; but his tears also flowed for them.

Tho' the GOD shined forth in glory, when he raised *Lazarus* from the dead; yet as a man he appeared adorably amiable, when he sympathized with his relations and friends. His compassion as a man, seemed to human eyes, to call forth his mercy as a GOD; we must not presume to say after the same manner as the compassion of men actuates their reason, for of this we have some comprehension; but the

union of his *divine* and *human* nature is incomprehensible.

With regard to our own self-love ; which pleads most for *charity*, our *reason* or our *passions*? Reason alone, as I have often observed, seems to perform but half the business of our lives. The man who is insensible of the impulses of that generous passion we call *compassion*, will be a cold spectator of distress. “ And “ he that loveth not his brother whom he hath “ seen, how can he love God whom he hath not “ seen ? ” Let us contemplate the *beatitudes* annexed to charity : the more we examine them, the more we shall be convinced, that the sum of religion is to love God and our neighbor : let *reason*, *passion*, *interest*, the *hopes* of heaven, and the *fear* of hell ; the *glory* of our *nature*, in the most aspiring imitation of the *divine perfection* ; let every motive plead, to raise the highest sense of this duty, that it may at length exalt us to a glorious immortality. *Farewell.*

I am yours, &c.

L E T -

LETTER LV.

To the same.

MADAM,

Thursday.

WE are told that one of the heroes of old, fearful he should forget that he was born to die, commanded his servant, they say it was an old woman, but no matter, to awaken him at a certain hour, and repeat these words, "*Remember thou art a man.*" Alas! what is the superiority of a king? Is he not subject to hunger and thirst, sickness and pain? If sleep, the daily call of nature, is the image of death, what necessity was there for this remembrance? Did he mean to humble himself before his gods, or his subjects? The christian, whilst he bows his soul in awful homage to the true god, extends his views beyond the bounds of mortality. The *christian* remembers him under whose banners alone this warfare of life ought to be carried on. He remembers him who parted with life for us: who suf-

ferred a painful and ignominious death, to save us from perdition. He remembers him whose love for us rendered his *mercy* adorable! Well may the christian say, *when I forget thee, O LORD, let my being be extinguished.* When I forget the Savior of the world, what will my memory avail? What purpose will it answer to preserve the records which my youth, or advanced age, have hoarded up? If I forget him, to whom shall I apply for succor in distress? If I must die, if I must trust myself in the dark regions of *dusky death*, to whose hands shall I commit myself, if I forget him who has promised to receive me?

Every morn you rise speak to your own heart and say, I am a *christian!* Every night repeat the same; ask yourself in what you have acted agreeably to this profession, and in what you have deviated from it. In every conflict of your heart, summons up your resolution, and say with *Zara* in the tragedy, "Yes I am a *christian!*" — Rejoice that you was born a *christian*; and that you live where you may boast of that glorious appellation. Thus pos-

sessing

setting your soul in a just sense of so real an honor, so substantial a happiness, you will enjoy a pleasure beyond the *pride* of kings; beyond all *earthly pomp*; far beyond the highest joy this world can give. Discharge this duty well,

"Then wilt thou see to what a glorious height,
"The christian virtue lifts up mortal man."

But this is mere *rhapsody*, unintelligible *jargon* to those who will not think seriously what it is to be a *christian*.

"For what are virtue's awful charms to
"those,

"Who cannot reverence what they never
knew?

Those, alas, whose days pass in a *round* of amusements, or anxious solicitude; in too great study, or no study at all: who have not sense to know the value of their own advantages, or like prodigals squander them away! let them live the objects of your compassion; and when they die, prostrate yourself before heaven, in humble hopes their souls will be received with mercy, tho' there is no foundation even to hope

for it, upon any promise made to those who violate the *conditions* of happiness after death. If we reject the merits of a *crucified savior*, or live unmindful of them, what can be expected? We cannot be intitled to a *reward*, and the alternative is *punishment*.

We must *end* life:—We must account for the days and years of it:—We have not a *moment* to lose.—Let us direct our thoughts and actions with an unwearied application to increase our *future hopes*, whatever shall happen to our *present enjoyments*; and let us pray,

“ Save us alike from foolish pride,

“ Or impious discontent

“ At ought thy wisdom has deny’d,

“ Or ought thy goodness lent.”

Nor let us think that heaven smiles not on the wise and virtuous, because these do not *all* glitter in *jewels*. They have enjoyments *infinitely superior*: enjoyments, for which gratitude and obedience are *infinitely due*. And what can we ask more?

“ This day, be bread and peace my lot;

“ All else beneath the sun,

“ Thou

"Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,

"And let thy will be done."

Reason, as well as religion, teaches us to study the *real* worth of things, with regard to *both worlds*, and to learn how to enjoy what is given us, be it little or much.

"What blessings thy free bounty gives,

"Let me not cast away;

"For GOD is paid when man receives:

"T' enjoy is to obey."

And since the turn of our minds, in the concerns of both worlds, constitutes our happiness, or prevents our misery, let us strive to acquire a *right turn*. To this end let us most seriously and attentively consider religion as the prime object of *all our pursuits*; not in *theory* or empty *speculation*, but as that which ought really to be the *constant object* of our *thoughts*, and the *constant guide* of our *actions*. Let us learn to look down upon the *highest earthly splendor* with *indifference*, yet not forgetting that it is the *idolatry* of riches, not the *use* of them; the *lust* of the eye after *vain objects*, not the *solid pleasures* of life, which prevent our

reducing such lessons to practice. Moderate desires, real comforts, and unmixed joys, create no delusion in the mind, nor conceal the truth from our eyes: these enlighten and enoble; these are substantial pleasures which never cloy.

"How charming is divine philosophy!
"Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
"But musical as is Apollo's lute,
"And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
"Where no crude surfeit reigns.

Farewell.

L E T T E R LVI.

To the same.

MADAM,

Thursday.

YOU have now seen what my system is: I have only to add, that to make proof of the effects of religion on our minds, let us look round, and see if upon strict trial we can
 "Survey both worlds, intrepid and intire,
 "In spite of witches, devils, dreams, and fire."

This

This cannot be done by being *melancholy* or *careless*; not by devoting our lives to solitude, nor yet to mirth and festivity; it must arise from an even and well regulated spirit. Is it not extreme folly to imagine a traveller will happily arrive at the end of his journey, without purse or conveyance? If nothing advantageous can be obtained without *care* and *labor*, will *everlasting happiness* be intruded on us? will it come to us, if we do not go to meet it? When grapes, which grow on unpruned vines, become more delicious than those where the skilful gardener has employed his art; then may we hope that the *careless* or *profane* will become the favorites of heaven.

Religion is a *science*, in which, like many others, we can make no progress without application: the essentials of it, indeed, are level to common capacities, and therefore the honest peasant may *shine*, when the man of the acutest parts is *ignorant*. Simplicity and integrity of heart, whatever the vain or ambitious world think, are qualities of much higher value

than

than the greatest strength of *genius*, or power of *fancy*.

But if the heart is ingross'd by the world, and estranged from GOD, what expectations doth reason warrant? not, surely, that we shall live and die like *rational beings*, accountable to that GOD? Go into the *great world*, you will find religious people; 'tis absurd to say there are *none*; there are *many* of various degrees of piety: I will not pretend to describe them, nor yet to point out what *liberties* they may take consistent with virtue. But I am sure the *raging desire* of living perpetually in a *crowd*, is a *dissipet* of a very dangerous nature: it creates such a habit and turn of mind, in those who indulge it, that the greatest part of them are but ill inclined to account with *themselves* for their own time: how do you imagine they will account with their *maker*?

To shun the unletter'd piety of the vulgar; the demureness of the fanatic; the madness of the enthusiast; the superstition of the papist; we are glad of an excuse for being *ignorant*, *lazy*,

lazy, or stupid. The concerns of religion are what least employ our wits. As the greatest sceptics are generally the most credulous fools; those who pretend to be most polished and ingenious often refine away the substance of religion. They are unwilling to believe this; it sounds harsh; they think it may not be so: but when they come to the test, they find themselves miserably deficient.

In the prime of life, when we are most capable of learning; when all our thoughts and actions derive a peculiar grace from the attractive charms of beauty; and stamp the deeper impression on the minds of beholders: under these seeming happy circumstances, what pity 'tis we see so few external marks of an active living piety; yet we know, from the nature of the human mind, that these alone can support a lively sense of religion, even in the great article of a steady belief in a GOD. Can any thing be more demonstrable, than that we are going in a wrong path, in religion as well as in politics? The puorility and littleness of mind, apparent in so many of our pursuits;

and

and the dignity and greatness of soul, demonstrated in so few of our *actions*, make one almost ashamed of being a man, and blush to see humanity sunk so low.

We acknowledge that life is a state of trial, in which we can hardly be too *laborious*, and yet we take very little *pains*.—Every one who knows anything of *christianity*, must own that it is a religion of *self-denial*; but the good order of the *passions*, on *religious principles*, does not seem to be the *first*, nor I am afraid the *second object* of our wishes and endeavors.—We very aptly call life a warfare, and confess that we are placed as centinels, to watch the approach of the enemy, that we may not be surprised by open violence or stratagem; and yet we watch so little, that the common soldier, under the same circumstances, would certainly be put to death for neglect of *duty*.—Doth not reason as well as religion suggest to you, that our only true security is in a firm masculine piety? Is it not this which warms the heart, and enables the *understanding*? Is it not this which gives fortitude to the mind

whilst

whilst it renders our passions gentle? And what but this can render our manners agreeable to the precepts of our great lord and master? If this is a necessary preparative to an imitation of his life, can our *lives* become happy, or our *deaths* glorious without it?

Now let us freely enquire of our own hearts, can we lay our hand upon them and say, "we labor to acquire a firm habit of piety; " we prefer it to all other things, and think "ourselves truly happy, only when we can possess it?" The best of us may do this sometimes, but we are seldom free of the malady of a *drowsy repose*: and the generality of us have need to be awakened from a *mortal slumber*! And for heaven's sake let us rouse from this *lethargy*! — Be gay as the *spring*, lively as the *morn*; rejoice as if you were the favorite child of fortune, but let your joy be calm and rational; let it be built on well-grounded hopes of heaven. If you laugh and sing on the brink of perdition, you must not call it joy, but *madness*.

Let

Let the *enthusiast* rave, and boast of supernatural gifts ; or the *man of letters* become an infidel as a mark of genteel distinction : let the *busy* torment themselves to acquire riches, and the *ambitious* titles and fame : let the youthful, of both sexes, be eager to grasp at fleeting pleasures ; but the wife will never forget that the soul is *immortal* ;—That man is *accountable* ;—That God is *just*.

Should I appear to you as an *enthusiast*, who renounces all pretensions to *common sense*, were I to expostulate with the thoughtless multitude in such terms as these?—Oh ye sons of *Mammon*, who idolize wealth, or offer incense to ambition! Ye children of idleness and dissipation! And you, fair daughters of *felicity*, who triumph in levity, and boast of want of thought! Foolish mortals of every denomination! If you are not lost beyond the reach of hope, listen attentively to the voice of your own *reason*; consider what you are *doing*, and what you leave *undone*!—Will things not be as they are, because you do not think about them?

Or

I say

Or do you conclude that they will be as you wish, tho' you hardly know, or are ashamed to own, what it is you wish.

"Lay not these flatt'ringunctions to your
children's souls."

Because the things of a future state are evident almost to demonstration, will you make it a reason for your not attending to them? Because you are satisfied that you *know* what is to be *bereafter*; at least *believe* in a state of rewards and punishments, will you live as if you did not believe, or was entirely ignorant? Consider well!—Consider, your abode is on the verge of eternity; and death is death, tho' you should die with laughter.—Confess that you do not believe in a GOD; nor ever bestow a moment's thoughts, whether the soul is *immortal*, or *not*. Maintain that *Seneca* and *Socrates* were fools, and *St. Peter* and *St. Paul* madmen; or act *consistent* with your *faith* and *hopes*.—Do you think so noble a creature as you are by nature, can be left without a *guide*? And what guide have you if christianity is a trick to amuse mankind? If you are a *christian*, if you have con-

fidence in *Jesus Christ*; if you really accept him as your *king* and *lawgiver*; if you believe that he has *brought life and immortality to light*, obey his *laws*. Study his *precepts* which have been carefully transmitted down from age to age, for your invariable rule and guide of life. An eternity of *bliss* or *misery* depends upon your words, your thoughts and actions! In a word, *use your reason*, or expect to be *punished* for *ingratitude* to the God who made you a *rational being*.

You are sensible of the force of such an ex-postulation, and yet methinks you call me back and ask, "How in this pleasure-taking world,

"*In this various bustle of resort,*"

Where *fancy* and *opinion* have assumed the province of *reason*; where so many temptations are *within* my breast, and so many surround me *without*; how, under such circumstances, can I get loose from the shackles of *custom* and *fashion*, and break the chains by which I am held?"—Do you really ask these questions seriously? *Happiness*, or, if you please, I will call it *pleasure*, is the object which all of us pursue: and what can I say more than repeat

my

my admonitions? What can I say more than assure you that the practice of virtue is the truest, the *biggest* pleasure? It is the pleasure of a man, the pleasure of a being to whom no happiness is permitted on other terms. "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and *all* her paths are *peace*." How can we thus forfeit our real happiness in pursuit of our imaginary pleasures? How stupidly we wander from the true path, run after a *vapor*, and fall into perdition!

If this is too general a lesson, I will bring it more home: I will recommend you to your own heart, to *commune* with it, not in a *crowd*, but in your *chamber*. In other words, will you do yourself the justice to *think*? Will you read such books as are calculated to make you better and wiser, and then to *think again*? Do this and half your business is performed, but not the whole; You must court the society of the wise and virtuous, and shun the foolish and the idle. Thus may you learn to improve your understanding; to correct your fancy and opinion; and to regulate your passions. You pro-

fess to love GOD and your *neighbor*; sacrifice your vanity; let the good of others be your ruling passion. “Visit the fatherless and the widow;” be watchful of your own integrity; “keep yourself unspotted from the world.” Remember that you are a *free agent*. Contemplate your own *dignity* as derived from that freedom, and your *duty* to him who made you what you are; and gave you abilities to obey his laws. There is no *compulsion* on us, except such as arises from the *pain* we feel when we deviate from the laws of our nature.

“The GOD of nature who within us still

“Inclines our actions, not controls our will.”

He admonishes by the *conscience*; attend to its dictates, hearken to the calls of it,

“What conscience dictates to be done,

“Or warns me not to do,

“This teach me more than hell to shun,

“That more than heaven pursue.”

We are apt to lay the faults we commit to *nature*: however conscious of error we are reluctant to condemn ourselves; yet without ex-

act-

acting the task of examining things *abstractedly*, ask yourself these simple questions. Am I not, by *nature*, a *rational creature*? Is it not *natural* to obey the laws of my own *reason*? Do I not feel that something is *amiss*, when I *disobey* those laws? Am I not sensible of something in vice to which my *nature* is abhorrent? If man has two natures, the one *animal*, the other *rational*, is it the less *natural* for him to obey his *reason*? Tho' my *nature* is corrupted, do I not generally discover when I *act* or *think* according to that *corruption*, and when, as *pure* *nature* dictates? Have I, upon this principle, been *mistaken* in any *capital instance*? Will not *God* forgive such of my *offences* as I do not *clearly* discern to be *offences*? And will he not as surely *punish* those greater crimes of which my *conscience* is *afraid*, unless I exert the *freedom* he has given me? unless I depart from *evil*, return to my *allegiance*, and sue for his *pardon*?

Thus far a common share of reason, and an ordinary portion of common sense lead mankind. But there never was an age in which

the christian religion was better understood, more free from error and superstition, (at least in this once happy land;) or the theory more powerfully supported: and yet, spite of its beautiful simplicity and native charms; spite of all its attractive powers, this vile harlot the world has taken such hold of us; wealth, ease, and luxury have so debauched our minds, and rendered us enervated with the love of pleasure, every trifling gratification leads us *astray*. Hackney'd, as we are, in the ways of the *unbinking multitude*, we carelessly travel on in a *dull beaten track*; and tho' we easily perceive that we are going out of the *true path*, we still go on, as if we fondly expected a *miracle* would be wrought, and the *nature of things* changed, that we might not suffer for our *transgressions*.

Thus, if my observation does not deceive me, are we circumstanced; and life, as we manage it, seems really to be an object of very little or no moment to us. But I beg you will remember that both worlds are so link'd together, there is hardly any thing of so *indifferent a nature*, but it carries with it some de-

gree of virtue or vice, and that virtue will be rewarded and vice punished. This ought to be our consolation: we are not all of us made for great abstraction; but the observance of truth, and moral rectitude, renders our minutest actions acceptable to GOD. Live whilst you can: exert your reason. "Time," says Dr. Young, in his bold manner, "is a GOD." It ought indeed to be revered; for every moment, as it flies, calls on us to adore him who gives us time for the performance of the duties he requires, as a preparation for eternity: and that eternity,

"Oh pleasing dreadful thought!" may begin ere we can well think that it has any existence.

Consider further what are the objects which generally engage our attention, our care, our solicitude; which amuse or delight, perplex or trouble us; what are they? the toys of children. Compared with the things which belong to eternity, they are, most assuredly "as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal." — When you see men trespass on those sacred laws, which were given for their guide; by

which they are to stand or fall for ever; when you behold them, in their *eager* pursuits of pleasure, trampling on *virtue*; when you observe the issue, and as they *live*, they *die*: if you really believe in a state of *rewards* and *punishments*, can you forbear breaking forth in the *warm*, but *rational* expostulation of the *lady*, to her lover in the play, who had sacrificed his *religion* and his *conscience* to his *vanity* and *revenge*?

"What is dominion, pomp, the wealth of nations,
" Nay all the world; the world itself;
" Or what ten thousand worlds, compared
" To truth unspotted, heavenly faith,
" And all the transports of a godlike mind,
" Fixt and unmov'd in the great cause of virtue?"

Adieu. I am yours, &c.

July 1790. 10th List to bushy oak road side

LETTER LVII.

No way now

To the same.

MADAM,

Thursday.

SINCE life is so very transient that we hardly ever meet our friends or acquaintance but they complain of some intimation of mortality: since our friends drop round us every day, ere we have well time to enquire after their health: surely our concern for them ought not to be confined to the narrow span of this life. Regards arising even from common intercourse and acquaintance, which have nothing of *immortality* in them, will not stand the test of a rational examination: little, weak, or interested as these must needs be, our very constancy in them is but *half* the virtue we take it for; and how often it degenerates into *folly*, and how frequently into *vice*.

And yet, alas, what little *solicitude*, with respect to a *future state*, do we generally express for those we love most, be they in the

morn.

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morn or eve of life! We hardly entertain a single thought about their *eternal interest*: rather than trespass on the rules of *good breeding*, as they are generally understood, we leave our best friends and most intimate companions entirely to their own *hearts*, let these deceive them ever so apparently. We seldom dare to remind each other of *foibles*, much less of *vices*. Yet, I apprehend, more might be done from motives of *humanity*, than we see is done by common auricular confession; at least the *Romanists* do not appear to have the more virtue for the confession of their vices. And the reason is plain: they commit what crimes they please; confess these crimes, become easy as to the consequences, and then begin on a new account. This is the case of the most part of them. And how stands the matter *with us*? Notwithstanding the *Beatitude* annexed to the saving a soul, we hardly ever bestow a thought about it. We are told, that the primitive *christians* were ready to suffer any temporal evils to save another; this was their *spirit*, their true *self-love* and *gallantry*. To what distant

region is such virtue fled ! How rarely is it to be found, even among those who take up the profession of devoting their lives to the care of mens souls !

Shall I now ask your pardon for assuming the office of a priest, in writing this religious essay ? I wish it were less imperfect ; but it would be absurd to apologize, unless I meant first to do that which I am conscious is wrong ; or was induced to think so meanly of you, as to imagine you could not discover it to be right ; or being persuaded it was right, that neither you, nor any into whose hands it may fall, can receive the least advantage by such labours. We ought to serve mankind in every possible way ; and when we cannot accomplish the most important designs, to be contented if we promote the happiness of a few in the manner which is most practicable. So much as you in particular are the better for this doctrine, will the preacher be the happier. Did you imagine, when you desired a journal, I should commit such kind of discourse to writing ? A journey of ten or ten thousand miles has been often performed

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formed without making any record of the conversation: and yet alas, the best that can be written of the recorder of this, is that "he smote his breast, and said, LORD, be merciful to me a sinner!" Adieu. I am yours, &c.

PART IV.

Remarks on the city of Winchester, and Hampshire, with some general reflections on the love of our country.

LETTER LVIII.

To Mrs. O*****.

MADAM,

Tursday.

I HAVE kept you so long in discourse upon the concerns of another world, and the joys of a *future* state, that it is but natural for you to wish to return to the innocent pleasures of the *present*.

Next to the hopes of glory, in the world *invisible* to mortal eyes, the beautiful face of the earth, and the heavens which cover it, is the most *pure*, and most *exalted* pleasure we

27c

are capable of enjoying. How the angelic poet deplores his destiny, in being deprived of that, which we make so very little account of, generally beholding all the beauties of nature with a careless indifference. Perhaps I should not say *all*, there are some which *demand* our homage, as well as esteem. The seraphic Milton laments his fate in this pathetic strain;

*"Light, the prime work of GOD, to me's extinct,
" And all her various objects of delight
" Annull'd."* —

In another place he bemoans his fortune,

*"Seasons return, but not to me return
" Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn,
" Or sight of vernal bloom or summer's rose,
" Or flocks or herds, or human face divine."*

It is amazing how men of reading and reflection, who know best which are the truest objects of delight, and how to extend the scenes of their own joys, and to teach others also, are however careless in the choice. What a world of delights does the contemplation of nature furnish! Who can survey the face of *heaven*

and

and earib, without being transported? And what joy can exceed the joy of health, and the exercise of walking or riding in a fine country! Did common mortals keep alive a true sense of the pleasures of sight, and the objects which a beautiful country discovers in fine weather, they would think of providence in a very different manner; they would see that, in comparison with these, all *expensive amusements*, which are so much sought by the rich, are but a mere *baby-house*, and prove, that as a fickly appetite requires great variety, a *false taste* creates the same longing; that the *cheapest* things are the *best*, in the *strictest* sense; and that *happiness* is really divided much more *equally* than is generally imagined.

Let us now look back, and by the power of imagination take another view of the many miles of charming plains we have travelled over! The downs of *Wiltshire*, and *Salisbury* plains, may be well considered in one and the same light, and extend near thirty miles. I was once told, by a person of great knowledge and experience, that within six miles round the

town

town of *Dorchester*, which is near the downs in question, are fed above six hundred thousand sheep. This is the more credible to us, who have just seen the numerous flocks on the chalky downs. If from these hills, dress'd in green, and covered with sheep, we look down upon the rich pastures, and fruitful meadows, the plains, the woods, and delightful rivers, with towns and villages, intermixed with princely seats, we may justly sing the praises of *Wiltshire*. *Adieu.* I am yours, &c.

LETTER LIX.

To the same.

MADAM,

Friday, 15 August 1756.

TO pursue the *common occurrences* of our journey.—On our arrival last night at the *Chequer-inn* at *Winchester*, colonel *H*****, whom we had seen at *Stockbridge*, was so obliging, as to give us his company at supper, and added to this an invitation to a *review*, which was to be made the next morning

ing of several companies of his regiment. You who had been twice disturbed within the space of five days, could hardly hear the words *soldier* and *morning*, without thinking at the same time of *interrupted rest*; but the *colonel* shewed his great politeness, as well as skill in military discipline, for you could not, from any thing I observed, discover there was a soldier within twenty miles of the place.

To travel through a city of such renown as *Winchester*, and say nothing of it, would not be consistent with my duty as a journalist, nor with my inclination in point of curiosity.— This ancient city stands on the river *Itebin*, which receives here other rivulets, and runs through the town almost from north to south, till it empties itself into *Southampton water*. It is built on the declivity of a hill, on the north and northwest side, and is bounded on the east by a chalky cliff, from whence the antient *Britons* called it the *white city*. Its walls seem to be somewhat less than two miles in circumference. To trace this city up to its origin, is beyond my reading; but we find that *Constance*

the son of *Constantine the Great*, made it his residence. In the great street there are several houses which make a good appearance ; and in the close, which almost surrounds the cathedral, are many comfortable habitations, tho' not of the modern kind ; these belong chiefly to the prebends and canons. This part is also well planted ; and whilst it affords a pleasing shade, adds to the solemn grandeur of the church.

No manufactures are made here ; but the school and the clergy, together with a fertile and delicious country round it, serve to support the inhabitants above indigence, tho' not in splendor. I am yours, &c.

LET.

LETTER LX.

To the same.

MADAM,

Friday, 15 Aug. 1755.

THE cathedral of *Winchester* has been lately beautified, insomuch, that from the freshness of the stone in the inside, it looks like a new building : they acknowledge that it costs a considerable sum to keep it in repair. This church is a massy pile, which did not raise in me the idea of *elegance* or *propriety*; tho' for grandeur, and usefulness with respect to the worship of GOD, it must be considered as high in rank. It was finished at the close of the fourteenth century, and is consequently above three hundred and fifty years old. As this church was the burying place of our ancient kings, there are yet the remains of tombs, which attract the eyes of the curious ; in particular they show two stone coffins with arched tops, the inscriptions of which are entirely worn out, if they ever had any. The one is

said to be of *Lucius* our first christian king, whose death some reckon to be about one hundred and eighty years after *Christ*; tho' it is generally thought that such a man as *Lucius* never existed. The other is of *St. Swithin*, said to be interred there about the year eight hundred and fifty. They forgot to tell us that these coffins were removed from other churches; you may suppose that a church stood on the same spot which, in process of time yielded place to the present solemn temple.

To come down to later times, there is the monument of *William Rufus*, who was killed in the new forest; and by the fides of the altar are ranged six chests, containing the remains of *Egbert*, *Adolphus*, *Edredus*, *Edmund*, *Canute*, and queen *Emma*; but it is confessed, that the havoc of intestine broils has disturbed these repositories, and scattered these royal bones, perhaps with less regard than if they had been merely *plebeian*.

In this church is the monument of *bishop Fox*, who, in a foolish vanity of piety, it is said, attempted to imitate our *Savior's* fasting, and starved

starved himself to death. This figure represents a dead man emaciated with hunger. The monument in the most modern style, is of the late bishop *Willis*: there are many others of note, which I did not observe, and therefore we will pass over them in silence. Not forgetting, however, the pompous sepulchre of *William of Wickham*, which we found yet perfect. The countenance of the effigy is very comely; he is dress'd in his mitre and episcopal robes: kneeling at his feet are three small figures of friars, whose faces you was bid to remark, represented as in a transport of devotion.

You have often heard the name of this eminent statesman and prelate, who lived in the reign of *Edward III*. He was born in 1324, and began very early to shine in learning and politeness, as one of the most distinguished persons of his time. He was forty-three years old when he was nominated bishop of *Winchester*: soon after he was made lord high chancellor, and afterwards president of the council. In these ages of papal authority, churchmen had the management of most se-

cular concerns, and held the first civil as well as ecclesiastical offices in the state. A powerful party however obliged our bishop in 1371, to give up his office; and three years afterwards he retired to his diocese. But the king soon found that his nobles were not capable of conducting his government so well as his clergy; and notwithstanding the intrigues of the duke of *Lancaster*, in 1389 *William of Wickham* was again made lord high chancellor, and executed this office with great honor for three years. After this he devoted his time, and large fortune, to the service of his country. He died in 1404, in the eighty first year of his age, leaving this cathedral and college, together with *New College* in *Oxford*, as standing monuments of his charity and patriotism.

From the cathedral we pass'd to the chapel, which is elegant and commodious: but the library is of no great note. Thence we went to the school or college: it was here the worthy prelate just mentioned, designed that youth should be instructed and prepared for his col-

lege in Oxford. The school-room is fitting up in an elegant manner ; but, I am sorry to say, the hall where the youths dine, did not do justice to the memory of their great founder.

One is not to expect delicacy and elegance, but there is a certain propriety which ought to reign in all public places, in every civilized state. If cleanliness is to the body, what virtue is to the soul : if schools are the places whence we receive so great a part of the good a nation can enjoy, or the *evils* it can suffer ; every filthy appearance ought to be avoided. Virtue, cleanliness, order, and propriety, generally accompany each other. We have striking instances of this among the lower classes of the people ; and as, among them, we see what a vast difference there is in domestic comforts, between those who are *temperate* and *industrious*, and those who are brutishly abandoned to vice, and the use of spirituous liquors ; so in the higher classes, the man who conducts his private concerns, or the affairs of his family, with the most order and decency, always makes the best figure ; and,

supposing other things equal, is most esteemed.

Next to cleanliness in apartments, care ought to be taken in these public schools, that boys should not appear in rags; it is apt to give them a careless turn of thought, with regard to one of the essential duties of life.

In respect to their *diet*; as they are seldom glutted with *quantity*, the *quality* becomes the less material: and yet, to indulge my concern for their welfare, I must observe that farinaceous foods, which are generally esteemed the *best*, or rather the *cheapest* for them, being prepared after the usual manner of schools, are not so wholesome as common bread if rightly prepared. I have heard an ingenious physician say, that as in the south of *Europe* they kill their children by cramming them with *bread*; in *England* they seldom die without a lump of indigested pudding in their bodies. Tho' this remark may appear ludicrous, if we consider the cohesive qualities of flour, as worked up into common puddings, it is fitted only to the digestive organs of strong laboring men,

men. For the same reason *flour pap* for infants cannot be good, tho' it may serve as a medicine, where none better can be had; used with great caution it may stop a purging. But as fermentation breaks and attenuates the particles of the flour, good bread becomes soluble in water, and better prepared for the weakest digestion; when the same quantity and quality of flour made into a pudding, often creates wind, and oppresses nature with indigestion. I wonder therefore, amidst so many and great improvements made by us, the use of broth, made of lean beef or mutton, particularly beef, with rice or bread, and good vegetables, is not more common in schools: and that the preserving life, so far as reason and experience teach, is not more generally attended to. We see the same thing, differently prepared, is *food* or *poison*.

It must afford pleasure to benevolent minds, to see schools well conducted, and young persons under proper *discipline*. Why this school should fall off, as they say it does, is a secret to me. The distance from *London* is not great; it

it enjoys a wholesome air, and plenty of provisions, with no inconsiderable revenue of the foundation. I, who wish well to my *county*, as well as my *country*, shall feel no little indignation if this school really suffers by any misconduct of those who are charged with the care of it; and tho' you was not born in *Hampshire*, as a friend to virtue and mankind you will join with me in sentiment: if the case is that the *master* being a *Tory*, and the *head usher* a *Whig*, neither party choose to send their children thither; we must laugh at the *absurdities of party zeal*, and at those *Whigs* and *Tories* who carry their notions so far.

The shell of the palace which was begun by *Charles II.* in 1683, is by far the most striking object: the design is grand, and the situation equally noble and delightful; and yet it appears romantic to build on a pinnacle: it struck me to see a deep ditch on three sides. Here formerly stood a castle, of which there are some ruins remaining. The front of this palace to the west, is said to be above three hundred and twenty feet. The plan was laid for

for bringing a spacious street from it down to the cathedral. One cannot but lament that so much expence should be rendered useless, and that no succeeding prince has finished this edifice. Had the king lived to execute his design, he would have inclosed a large tract of ground towards Stockbridge, and converted it into a park. The adjacent country affords many delicious prospects, and is very proper for hunting,

Now I have mentioned this prince's design, I may add, that he did not delight in the fox-chace ; he used to say, "*It is riding post out of the road.*" Might it not have been happier for the morals of this nation, if his diversions had been attended with as little guilt as hunting ? By looking back to his time we may trace out the danger of extremes. The enthusiasm of Cromwell's days being follow'd by the prodigality and licentiousness of Charles II. and his reign by *ignorance* and *bigotry* ; wars and devastations succeeding, and, this followed by such plenty as if it could have no end, pernicious maxims being at the same time adopted, our

minds

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minds have been prepared for the greatest venality. From such causes discipline became relaxed ; and irreligion fashionable. Men have passed with impunity for crimes which ought to have been punished with death ; and now you see in what a situation we are ! Farewell.
I am yours, &c.

P. S. Nov. 10, 1756. Since writing these pages many things have happened much for the worse, and I thank GOD some for the better : among the latter, I am to inform you, that *Winchester School* again begins to flourish. For this we are not a little in debt to the ingenious Mr. Joseph Wharton, the usher, whose good conduct has induced many to send their children thither ; and near twenty boys are added to the former number within these twelve months past. Mr. Wharton has distinguished himself in the learned world by his edition of *Virgil*, and translation of part of it : by his essay on the genius and writings of *Pope* ; and by several letters in the *Adventurer*, which are ascribed to him.

LET.

LETTER LXI.

To Mrs. D***.

MADAM,

Friday.

AFTER hearing divine service at the cathedral, we took our leave of *Winchester*. The sky, which had been hitherto so indulgent to us, now let fall a shower, but it served only to cool the earth; for the sun soon cheared us again with his rays, and helped to support the good humor of the company. We are much oftener obliged for our happiness to the weather, than we are aware of; such is its influence on the mind. If I find myself less happy one day than another, I generally discover the atmosphere is heavier than it was, or I have not been so temperate as I ought to be.

From *Winchester* we went to *Alesford*, which is distant eight miles. This is a market-town, and distinguished for its neatness. About forty years since it was entirely consum-

ed by fire, and many of the houses yet appear new. The polite captain *Rodney* has a new house here, which is very pleasantly situated. *Alesford* is remarkable in this, that the road through it is broad, hard, and smooth, to a degree that does great honor to the inhabitants : at least it was so at this time.

It is amazing how *stupid* the greatest part of the people of *England* are ! Either from *ignorance*, or *indolence*, one can hardly find a village, the road through which is broad, or rightly formed, and as seldom kept in complete repair. But, alas, what shall we say of the *roads*, if so we may call the *pavements*, through the streets of *London* and *Westminster*? *Ignorance* and *indolence*, a little narrow selfish spirit, a contempt of the laws in being, with an almost total neglect of *police*, considered as an object of legislative authority, all unite to render our streets abominably irregular, and consequently extremely *inconvenient*. It might be otherwise at a moderate expence to individuals, and greatly to their advantage ; but amongst all our improvements,

we

we have not yet reduced paving to a regular system, tho' it is so essential to the well-being of man and beast.

From *Alesford* to *Alton* is ten miles, the road very fair and pleasant; the country abounds in corn and meadow lands, but it does not seem to be very rich in number of inhabitants. *Alton* is a market-town, very neat, and well built; it is well supplied with provisions, and manufactures *barragans*, *nims*, and other stuffs, to a considerable amount. Near it are two schools of good repute.

This day was distinguished from all others of our journey; it was past five before we sat down to dinner, which hunger rendered more grateful than the highest sauces of the most ingenious cookery. There is something which gives a quickness to life, when we wander a little out of the beaten track of it; and in these little irregularities consists some part of the pleasure of travelling.

From *Alton* we directed our course to *Farnham*, which is nine miles: it is a turnpike-road, and for the most part through lanes.

The

The boundary of *Hampshire* is about three miles from this town. *Adieu.* I am yours,
&c.

LETTER LXII.

To the same.

MADAM,

Friday.

WE are now at leisure to contemplate the charms of the delicious county of *Hampshire*, which we have so lately passed through.

It is common for travellers who take the rout from *London* to *Portsmouth*, by way of *Petersfield*, to entertain a mean opinion of *Hampshire*; and indeed the road which lies between *Godalmin* and *Petersfield*, looks like a dreary waste: but even here the romantic situation of *Hind-Head*, has its charms; and tho' this part is not well inhabited, it has many fine views of a cultivated country. In general, *Hampshire* is well wooded, has many delicious downs, pleasant meadows, and fertile arable lands. It produces large supplies

of corn, and great plenty of hops. It feeds great flocks of sheep, and great numbers of hogs. The honey of this country is much esteemed; and there are some iron mines. It is also enriched by manufactures, and receives no small advantages from commerce both foreign and domestic.

The coasts of this county, from *Allombead* to *Spithead*, take in the harbors of *Christ-Church*, *Limington*, *Southampton*, and *Portsmouth*, and exhibit a view of a fertile and delightful country. Indeed the coasts from *Portsmouth*, eastward to *Emsworth*, which is the boundary of the county on this side, has but a dreary appearance.

As this county properly includes the *Isle of Wight*, so much distinguished for its fertility and rural charms, we may with boldness say, that for size and beauty, it vies with the most delightful province of the most delightful island in the world. If to this we add the honor it receives by including the port, from whence we took our departure, which is the great rendezvous of our naval strength, it de-

mands the higher place in our esteem. Am I partial to my own county? In truth I never saw half so much of it before I had the pleasure of attending you; and it certainly would not have appeared so charming, had I been with company less agreeable. *Farewell,*

LETTER LXIII.

*To Mrs. O*****.*

MADAM,

Saturday.

FARNHAM is a considerable market-town, but I saw little more in it than dirty houses: besides we were now drawing near home; that was enough to engage my attention; I do not mean with desire to change my company, nor yet to enjoy the delights of *London*.—This morning we took our leave of our landlord at the *bush*, and proceeded to *Guildford*, which is distant twelve miles. The road is in some places much broken up by heavy carriages: it lies very high, on a chalky way, but the vallies and hills on each side ap-

pear

pear very grand, the prospects extensive, and some of them inexpressibly delightful.—As one descends the hill, which leads to *Guilford*, this antient town has a very noble and romantic appearance. The ruins of *St. Catharine's* chapel, on an eminence, is a very striking object: of what antiquity this chapel is, I could never discover; but the materials of which it is built, are said to be as hard as iron; and to all appearance it has stood the storms of ages. On the other side of the valley is a lofty cliff of chalk, which heightens the grandeur of the scene.

The entrance of *Guilford* is over the *Wey*: it is a very neat borough-town, and has many very good houses. The declivity on which it stands, joined to the view of the opposite hills, gives it an air of grandeur; whilst the *Wey*, whose streams water the lower part of the town, adds to the beauty as well as the advantages of the situation. This river is of the more utility, as it communicates with the *Thames*. Corn and timber are thus brought to the capital; and the mills which are worked on it

supply the neighbouring country with meal, which is also conveyed in considerable quantities to *London*.

This place is a great thoroughfare into *Hampshire*. It is well inhabited, and contains three churches, with an hospital for twelve old men, and eight women, built by *George Abbot*, archbishop of *Canterbury*, in the reign of *James I.* It is said the occasion of this building for charitable uses, was to atone for his accidentally killing a man. His monument being broken down by the top of a church tumbling in, the parts of it are now deposited in the hospital. This bishop, tho' descended from an obscure family in *Guildford*, one of his brothers became a bishop also, and the other lord-mayor of *London*.

But what struck me most, was the ruins of an old castle, part of which now belongs to *Dr. Mitchel*; and some of the remains of a palace of great extent, which, as appears by the best authorities, was the residence of *Ethelred*, one of the *Saxon* kings, near 800 years ago. It also appears from the foundations that

that have been dug up, at some distance from the place where the ruins now stand, that the whole declivity of the hill on the east side of the river *Wey*, was occupied by this monarch. In those days this place was called *Geldford*: *Geld* in *German* signifies money; whence one would be led to conclude that it had some allusion to the richness and great fertility of this country, and the delightful prospects with which it abounds on every side. I believe it was the queen of this potentate, called *Ebby*, whose favorite residence was called *Ebby's blem*, or *Ebby's home*, now converted into *Epsom*.

From *Guilford* we took the road to *Epsom*, which is sixteen miles. Leaving the town, the downs on which the races are run, lie a little to the right. This county of *Surry* is distinguished for fine houses and delightful seats, and there are several situated near this cross-road. The most remarkable which struck me, was *Lord Onslow's* and *Admiral Boscowen's*; the last has not so many marks of grandeur, as of pleasure, and a healthy

thy situation. Here are many inequalities of ground, beautifully variegated with woods, inclosures, and open fields, where *Ceres* now seemed to smile with the most attractive charms. We pass'd by the villages *Clandon*, *Effingham*, and many others: this part of the country, being extremely well inhabited, is one of the most pleasant roads of the kind I have yet seen in *England*.

At length we arrived at *Epsom*. This place labors under the common fault, of the road, in the heart of the town, being much too narrow; however, it is well known to be the rendezvous of people of taste, pleasure, and fortune. Here we had the pleasure of waiting on our much honored friends *Mrs. B******, and her three amiable daughters, with her sister *Mrs. L******, in company with *Mr. and Mrs. E******, who received us with great hospitality and politeness.—The meeting of my friend *Mr. E******, brought to my thoughts a journal of a different nature: this gentleman commanded one of his Majesty's yachts at *Helvoet*, in October 1750, when

a certain friend of yours returned from abroad.

Adieu. I am yours, &c.

LETTER LXIV.

To Mrs. D***.

MADAM,

Saturday, Aug. 16. 1755.

FROM Epsom we pursued our journey by a cross ugly road of clay, which seemed to be only passable in dry weather, and at length we came in view of the dead flat English Holland, Hampton-court. As we approached Twickenham, the charming banks of the Thames began to captivate the fancy, and check the remembrance of other delightful scenes, which were now passing away like a dream, and of which this moralizing Letter-journal can preserve the memory only for a day. But is not this the case of life in general? Those who pass through it most pleasantly, is it not chiefly by means of a succession of objects, of which the last, in some measure, defaces the remembrance of the former? You

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must not mistake my meaning : tho' it is said, variety has its charms with your sex as well as mine ; yet constancy in social duties, or in whatever relation we stand to others, is a virtue so intimately united with obedience to GOD, and a just regard to our own worth and dignity, there can be no virtue without it.

Of all pleasures, that which is derived from company, is the most delightful. This is observable in the *brute* creation : in men the love of it is implanted by the GOD of nature, as a passion of the mind. " As the furnace proveth the potter's vessel, so the trial of a man is in his reasoning." We easily discover that our true glory consists in the exercise of our reason, and consequently, that the more rational our discourse is, the more it tends to exalt and cultivate the social affections : and it is not less certain that the more these are improved, the more delightful life will be ; not only from the mere pleasure of society, but as it leads us to make deeper discoveries of ourselves, and to adore the great maker who endowed us with such capacities of happiness.

Men

Men are not angels, nor women neither, and yet both are nearly related to these messengers of heaven when they do not debase themselves. We complain of the *instability* of life, and of the *imperfection* of all things; but it is from the *frame* and *habit* of the mind, that objects derive their pleasing or displeasing *appearances*; and the truer light we see things in, the more we shall admire them, if we are contented to be what GOD has made us, and make *reason* and our natural love of *virtue* the *umpires*.

Our *partie* may do themselves the justice to say they were not vociferously merry. *Extravagant mirth* is *bad mirth*; it is *mirth run mad*; it wastes the spirits, and dissipates those powers from whence the beauty of sentiments arise. It is not essential that our ideas should always flow extremely brisk, more than that we should be always in the *philosophising* strain: but *good sense* is necessary, and so is *good humor*; much depends also on *habit* of mind, and knowledge of the *world*, and particularly on the degree of esteem which those, who associate, have for each other. It is hap-

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py to enjoy that turn of mind, which we emphatically call *good nature*, but the desire of *pleasing*, with very lively people, is apt to degenerate into *wit*, which, tho' much admired by the world, is one of the lowest good qualities of the mind, and a dangerous weapon in most hands! It oftener disturbs the peace, than promotes the harmony of society.

"*Curs'd be the verse, how smooth so'er it flow,*
 " *Which tends to make one honest man my foe,*" said Mr. Pope, tho' there is reason to fear this was dictated by the *genius* of the poet, rather than by the *spirit* of the man. He was upon some occasions wittily satirical, *perhaps* beyond the bounds which humanity prescribes: I think he lash'd sometimes more *severely* than *usefully*; yet it is plain he adopted it as a *principle*, to abandon his charming muse, charming when she taught or sooth'd, rather than hurt one upright heart, whatever peculiarities might attend it.

But, *Madam*, tho' a man should be a master of *wit*, *virtue*, and *good sense*, his friend may grow tired of his company. Will it ap-

gues most my want of wit, or good sense, if I say, this *may* happen where there are women also? But it does not happen *so often*, under the same circumstances; and the reason is plain: let *proud Stoicks*, or *ill-natured cynical philosophers*, say what they please, female conversation, when it is conducted with delicacy, tho' it should not always be with quite so great a portion of sense, has the greatest power to *improve the understanding*, most assuredly to *mend the manners*, and *delight* the most chastis'd imaginations of men: you will judge the best how the case stands with *women*. I hope you and your companion will be the *better* for what you have *seen*, and for what you have *heard* also, at least for that part which is now upon record. You will believe me, when I say, that in the course of my life, I have been more than once *sick of a partie*, in a quarter part of *eight hours*, and that I now passed my time, without one painful thought, for *eight summer's days*.—Here indeed, at the foot of this *Kingston-bridge*, where we parted, the *magic-wand*, which had given objects so many

charms,

charms, was broken : the happiness which I had fondly ascribed to my own disposition to be pleased, I discovered was owing to *my companions* power of pleasing.—*Life itself has an end* : we must rise from a banquet with gratitude for the pleasure we have received, not repine that we cannot always be feasting : and tho' I am now reduced to a level with *common mortals*, to find my way about the world, in the best manner I can, it shall always be consistent with my *profession*, that I am, with the greatest respect,



Madam,
Your truly etc. Your most
affectionate & Obedient Servt.
Your most sincere
and **obedient servant**,

H*****.